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FOR LEGS AND FEET

10 HAIRDRESSERS' PREDICTIONS OF THE NEXT COIFFURES

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BY GARSON KANIN



there
she is again...
in a

Dalton

knit ensemble

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HAT: MR. JOHN/ BAG: LEDERER/ JEWELRY: K.J.L. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

AUGUST 15, 1966

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



PENN

COVER: From California, where the oranges come from, one of the prettiest —brilliant orange satin for evening, blown away at the back from a small funnel collar filled, here, with green and glitter. Sandy-pink glisten for lips, a delectable colour called Burnt Almond —this, Liquessence lipstick by Dorothy Gray. Dress by Charles Cooper for Cooper-Couture, of Couleur silk-faced satin. About $215. Ciner necklaces. All: Bonwit Teller Dress: Nan Duskin; Woolf Brothers; Montaldo's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Other stores on page 140. Coiffure by Kenneth.

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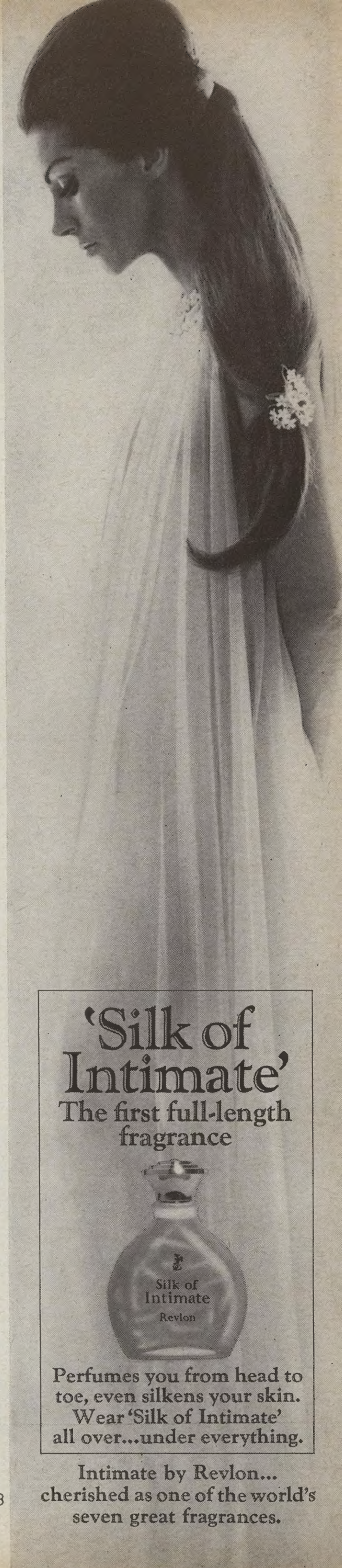
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KENNETH PAUL BLOCK



This Fall
Jo Bonwit Sees It:
is the
shirtsleeved coat
glitter-buttoned
brocatelle with
a dress
all its own.
By Ben Barrack.
Silver gray
or black,
Collection Clothes
At stores

BONWIT
TELLER



Smart

California
COBBLERS

VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*



Ensemble of palest ivory worsted, its yoked jacket honed to perfection over a metallic-glistened bodice. $350. Suit Collections.



photograph by John Engstead

jewels by Laykin et Cie

what a lovely moment of star gazing as he eyes you in this sequinned silk chiffon, one of the most celestial night blacks ever to float across the horizon . . . designed by Jean Louis exclusively for

I. MAGNIN & CO

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photograph by John Engstead

jewels by Laykin et Cie

single-sleeved gown of Anglo sheer wool in black is a virtuoso expression of subtle shape ... smooth, unerring lines of pure poetry, designed by Gustave Tassell exclusively for I. MAGNIN & CO

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"La Fotografia" #4732
designed by
Francesca for DAMON
the house that made knits couturiere

THE FOCUS IS ON A DOUBLE-BREASTED WALKING SUIT FROM ITALY IN WINDOW PANED WOOL, ABOUT 145.00.
THERE ARE ALSO PANTS TO MATCH, ABOUT 45.00. ALL AT AMERICA'S FASHIONABLE STORES, OR WRITE DAMON INTERNATIONAL, 16 E. 34 ST., N.Y.



B Altman & Co

Trans World Airlines and Charles Cooper for Cooper Couture will check you in for a great Autumn!

Jet away in this un-reservedly marvelous costume. The two-sided coat flips from district checks (matching the slender dress) to a solid color. Softest Italian wool...banker's grey or brown, with white. Misses' sizes. 400.00. Third floor Designer Shop, Fifth Avenue store.

Nationwide Worldwide depend on TWA

TWA StarStream Jets: the going idea for the transworld woman — the woman whose world is the whole world. The woman whose exciting travel requirements require TWA.



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Couture Imports knows you want exciting fashions. elegant new expressions in double wool knits... Contemporary on the left, about $70*... Sophisticate on the right, about $100* ..both in dramatic colorings—plum and pink, gray and gold, avacado and lime, tobacco and chamois.
Write **COUTURE IMPORTS,** 498 Seventh Avenue, New York.

*Prices slightly higher W. of the Rockies

Air Tips by MURIEL



There's fashion elegance in Muriel Air-Tips, small smart cigars.
With flexible holder. Have a Muriel and discover new smoking pleasure.

Along the way to your destination (via TWA StarStream Jet, of course), you'll find multiple pleasure in the ensemble of superbly soft wool with hooded reversible tent coat covering a slim sleeveless dress by Charles Cooper for Cooper-Couture. $485 **JOSEPH HORNE CO.**

Pittsburgh



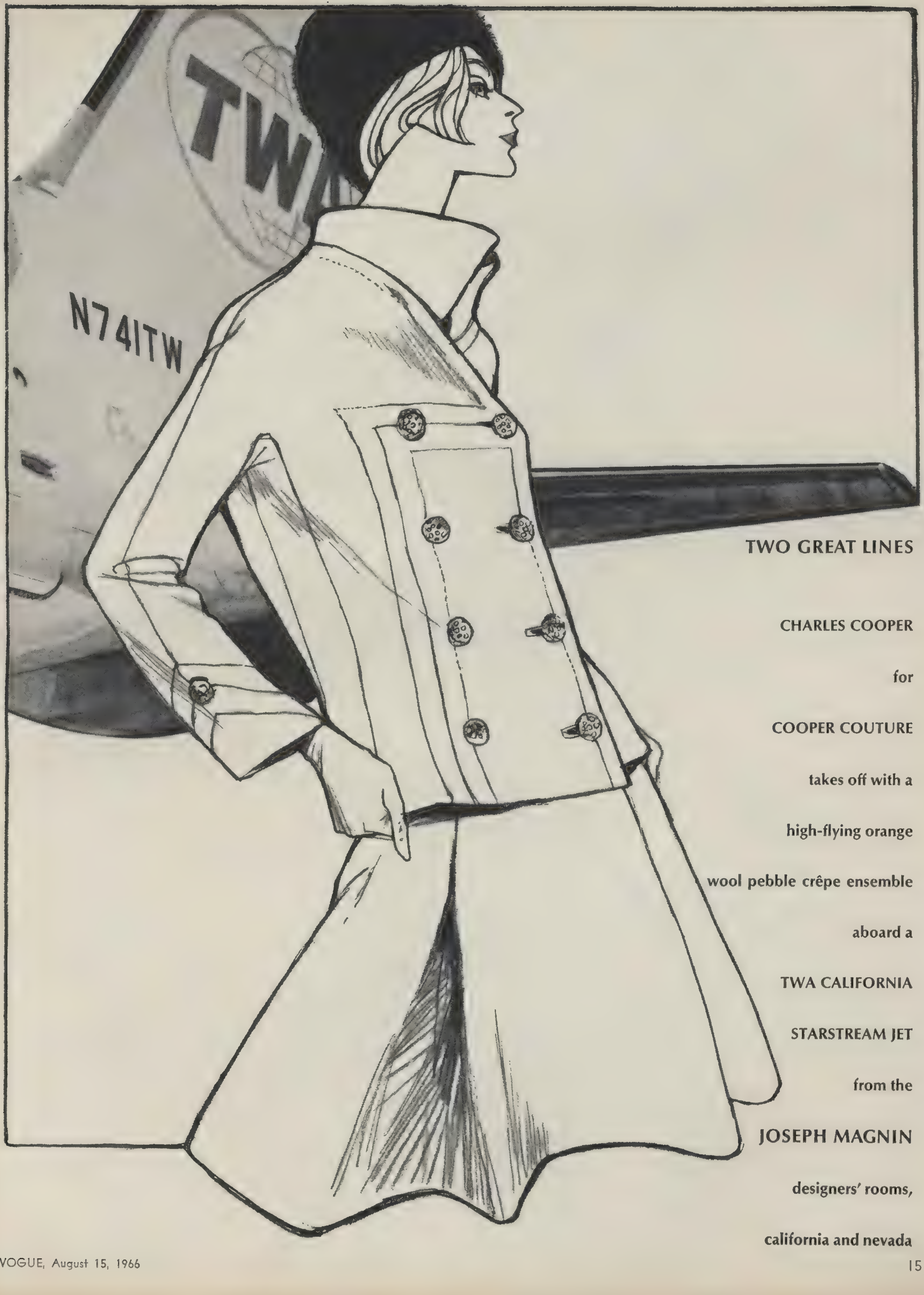
Jordan Marsh Company

NEW ENGLAND'S LARGEST STORE

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW HOME, CAMBRIDGE



The dinner suit nonpareil by Eloise Curtis for David Styne, 125.00 . . .
from a noteworthy collection now in the Jordan Marsh Designers' Shop.



TWO GREAT LINES

CHARLES COOPER

for

COOPER COUTURE

takes off with a

high-flying orange

wool pebble crêpe ensemble

aboard a

TWA CALIFORNIA

STARSTREAM JET

from the

JOSEPH MAGNIN

designers' rooms,

california and nevada



French Room Originals,

of course.

This is why we
sculpt wider heels
for a graceful walk.
Broaden toes for a shorter look
Swoop down sides
to slenderize. We make
a fetish of trims.
As in the
Edwardian buttoned
strappy spat;
the harness trimmed
high rising tongue.
Each tenderly priced at
twelve ninety-nine.
If these tug at your
heartstrings, wait until
you see our other new
looks. All with that
love-me-love-my-shoe look.
That Chandler's look.
You know.
Romantic.

CHANDLER'S

the Shoe Specialty Shops



CHARLES COOPER FOR COOPER COUTURE

Departure: Kansas City. Destination: any of the Fascinating Places. The travel wherewithal: transworld clothes for the international woman who would—naturally—travel TWA StarStream Jet. The smashing costume here, Charles Cooper's mossy green double-faced coat with its own cap-sleeved dress. The indefatigable fabric: wool by Agnona.

Woolf Brothers

Kansas City Tulsa Wichita

There is a certain kind of woman who's always wanted an island to call her own. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.



On the east coast of the United States is an island formed by three rivers, a creek and a natural harbor. It is approximately 13 miles long and 2 miles across at its widest point. Its highest elevation is 1,472 feet and its granite shell is scored by a labyrinth of subterranean tunnels.

The island's weather is cold, except for when it's warm or very hot, and dry, except for when it's damp or soggy. Its natural resources include music, art, dance, laughter and plenty of humanity.

Occasional oceangoing vessels visit the island.

For a time, Indian canoes and an occasional Dutch trading ship were the only vessels seen by the islanders. However, a $24 real estate transaction in 1626 transferred ownership of the island from the Indians to the Dutch and trade with Europe rapidly increased. (Some present-day owners of the island feel the Dutch got the short end of the stick.)

As knowledge of the island spread throughout the world, more and more ships came: galleons, frigates, dories, dinghies, whalers, merchantmen, men-of-war, brigantines, windjammers, cutters, ferries, tugs, scows, catamarans, junks, feluccas, steamers, liners and U-boats. Some came to see, others to trade, and still others to lay siege. And they're still coming for more or less the same reasons.

Gastronomy is a well-developed art.

On occasion, natives of the island have been known to spend the greater part of a day at table. They delight in such internationally esteemed culinary marvels as franks, burgers, frys, egg creams and cheese Danishes. 24 pages of the island's classified directory are taken up by restaurant listings. At 400 to the page, that makes about 9,600 restaurants. They specialize in the cuisine of at least 34 foreign countries, kosher and Hawaii.

When the islander is not "eating out" he is very likely broiling steak on his terrace or fire escape. One may gaze from the canyon below to the cliffs above and see billows of charcoal smoke each evening between the hours of 6 and midnight almost every night of the year. Neither rain nor snow... Natives are brave.

There is a certain kind of woman who loves island life.

As evening falls on the island, and the sun sinks over Jersey, the islanders head for their homes in the cliffs to prepare for a night of good fellowship and cheer. They'll go out to Shea's or down to the Village or over to Broadway or just uptown for a quiet evening with friends. Because, natives are very much like people. Very much.

Peck & Peck

Fifth Avenue, New York/Boston/St. Louis
Pittsburgh/Akron/Cleveland/Rochester/Baltimore
Chicago/Providence/Philadelphia/Buffalo
Kansas City/Hartford/Detroit/Washington, D. C.
Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis

Hockanum® textured wool, a fabric by Stevens; lovely, lightweight, lacy. The discriminating islander will indeed be pleased with this smashing dress and jacket. The buttons are under cover and the V seaming of the jacket is repeated on the dress. Green, red or blue. 8 to 18, 70.00



Hockanum® wool for the well-dressed native. It's Hockanum crisp, airy wool eponge by Stevens in a very pleasing shape. The skirt is on a camisole and the overblouse is bias cut to form the graceful folds. Hot pink or royal plum. 5 to 15, 35.00

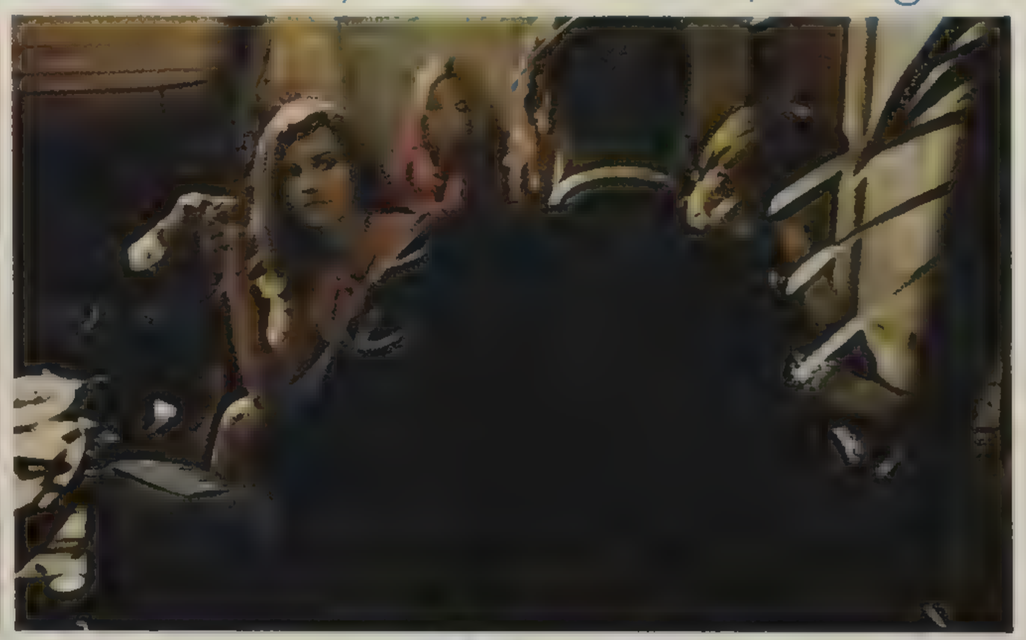


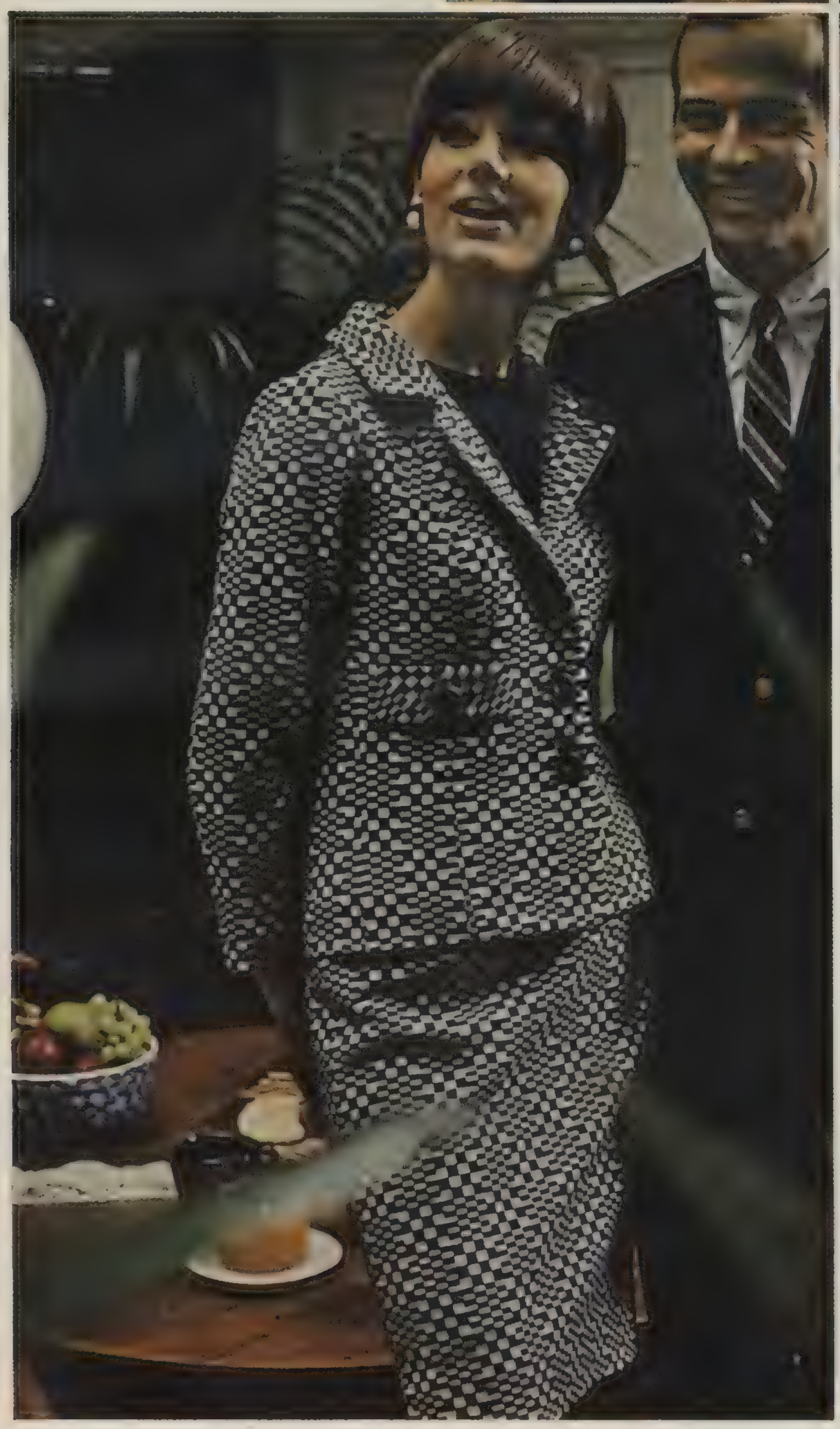
miss georgia BY GEORGIA BULLOCK ...Racing striped jersey sweater jacket in carbon blue/curry/bonfire red, covering a sheer wool dress of carbon blue. Sizes 6 to 16. 11828 La Grange Avenue, West Los Angeles, California

The opulent three piece pure wool knit. About $90. Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman Marcus, I. Magnin.

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DOVER ARCHIVES

"Grand Slam", about $15. For nearest retailer, write JOYCE, Inc., Dept. V-86-J, Cincinnati, Ohio 45207.



BLACK-AND-WHITE GEOMETRICS IN DOUBLE-FACED WOOL. THE SUIT BLOUSE AND JACKET, LINED IN CREPE.

FROM THE FALL COLLECTION OF ELEGANCE BY Helga 722 S. LOS ANGELES ST., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



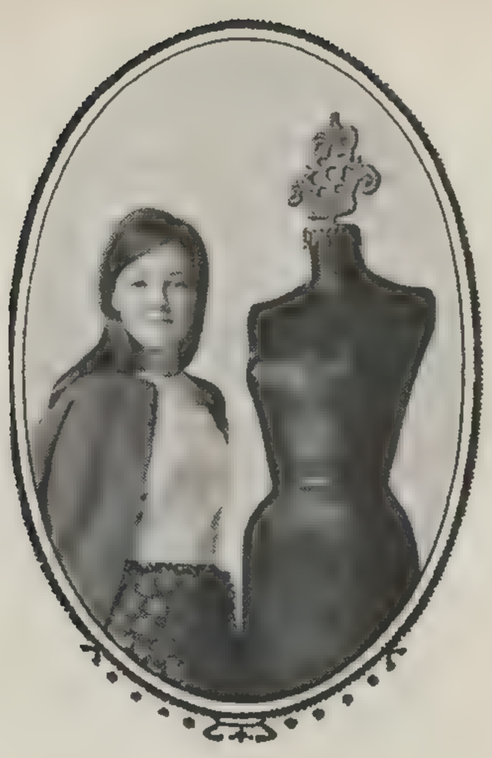
The Villager®

Native to the American Tradition

For the American woman of confidence,
rarely blown about by change, there are THE VILLAGER® clothes.
She wears them, not to compete or dazzle, but for the
same reason she buys flowers, her inward pleasure.
Their prints, the simplicity of their designs,
reflect her disciplined intelligence.
The attractiveness of a VILLAGER owes much to the woman within,
and the honesty and independence of her native heritage.
Here, a few from the Fall collection.

© THE VILLAGER, INC., 1966, MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.





OPPOSITE PAGE

1. The Villager® classic shirtwaist dress with an interesting botanical print on cotton broadcloth. Cactus Green, Foggy Blue, or Dirt Brown. About $20.

2. Villager classic wool cardigan (about $14) over a roll-sleeved cotton print shirt (about $7), and a shetland wool skirt (about $15).

The suit is of Americana cotton print quilting (about $30). All these in Cactus Green, Persimmon, Copper Penny, or Foggy Blue.

THIS PAGE

3. Three button boy suit with A-shaped skirt. Nasty Green, Navy, or Brown. About $30.

The tucked front floral print shirt comes in Cactus Green, Persimmon, Foggy Blue, or Copper Penny. About $8.

4. Gallantly flowering storm coat of cotton hopsacking. Nasty Green, Navy, or Brown. About $30.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

The print fabrics shown on these pages have been made exclusively for THE VILLAGER® by KENMILL TEXTILE CORPORATION, New York 10001







Ever wear something and that man who never looked your way, looked?

Well, *Talbott's like that.*

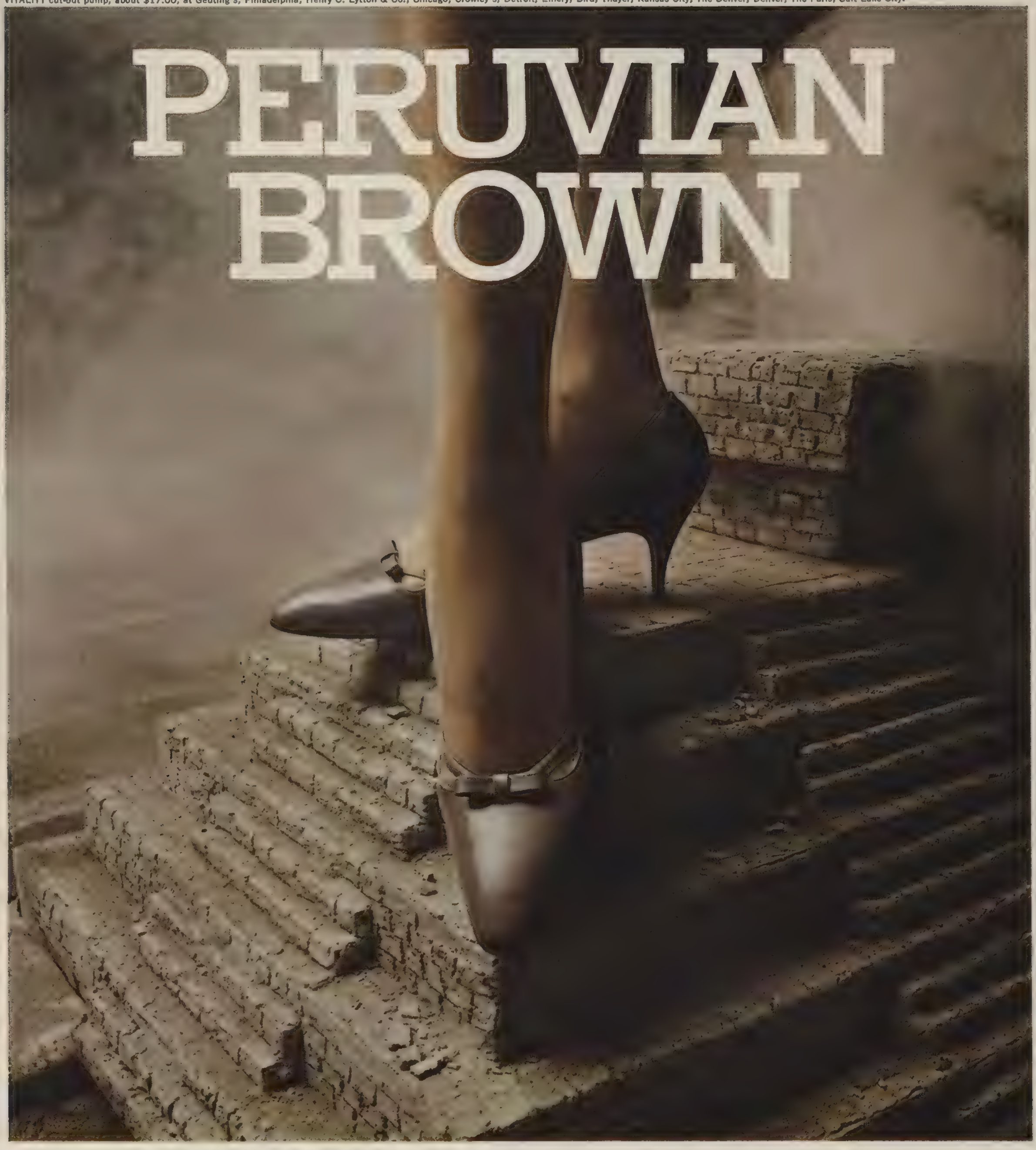
The classic look in Taralan®,
Talbott's exclusive
full fashioned, machine washable
and dryable Orlon* acrylic.
Cecil Raspberry designs
the sweater in diamond lace
with a zippered back,
sizes 34 to 40.
The fully lined coordinated
A-line skirt,
sizes 8 to 18.
Each about $13.

*DUPONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK
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Both in wonderfully
imaginative Fall colors.
Available at
fine stores everywhere
or write Talbott Knitting Mills,
1407 Broadway, New York.

Talbott
Orlon®

VITALITY cut-out pump, about $17.00, at Geuting's, Philadelphia; Henry C. Lytton & Co., Chicago; Crowley's, Detroit; Emery, Bird, Thayer, Kansas City; The Denver, Denver; The Paris, Salt Lake City.



Inspired by the Colors of Peru . . . in Corfam®

Vitality fashions a sleek, slim pump with a provocative profile. Makes it of CORFAM* in a bright, light, sun-warmed brown borrowed from the Incas. CORFAM is the wonderful new shoe upper material by Du Pont. Easy care, a damp or dry cloth keeps it clean. Sheds water, resists weather, breathes for comfort.

*Du Pont's registered trademark for its man-made poromeric Stockings of Du Pont Cantrece™ Nylon.

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There's a great deal behind Boe Jests.



In Scottsdale, Boe Jests look great, wandering through the Little Museum, lunching at The Arizona Country Club, watching a game on The Sundown Ranch Course or just for the every day pleasure of wearing Boe Jests.

The crew neck 'rich girl' of pure imported Shetland. Coordinated Orlon® and wool long sleeved turtle neck. The fully lined Irish mist pattern tweed skirt of pure wool. In Kylemore rose, Tallow gold or Irish coffee. The 'rich girl' 34-40. About $18. The turtle neck S,M,L. About $8. The skirt 6-18. About $23. At "the" stores in Scottsdale and everywhere.

Boe Jests Inc., 550 Seventh Avenue, New York 18.
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Fashion Show of Vogue Patterns and Fabrics

Stores featuring Vogue Patterns in Forstmann fabrics (pages 112-113)

CALIFORNIA
Bullock's Lakewood, Oct. 14, 15
Home Silk Shop, Inc., Los Angeles, Oct. 10; Glendale, Oct. 11
H. C. Capwell Co., Oakland, Aug. 20, 22
Bullock's Pasadena, Sept. 8, 9
The Emporium, San Francisco, Aug. 15 to 18
Bullock's San Fernando, Sherman Oaks, Sept. 1, 2

COLORADO
The Denver, Denver, Aug. 19

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Woodward & Lothrop, Inc., Washington, Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1

MARYLAND
Hochschild/Kohn, Baltimore, Oct. 3 to 8

MASSACHUSETTS
Jordan Marsh—Boston, Sept. 16, 17

MINNESOTA
Amluxen Co., Minneapolis, Sept. 13

MISSOURI
Emery, Bird, Thayer, Kansas City, Sept. 8, 10
Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Sept. 24, 26

NEBRASKA
Brandeis, Omaha, Sept. 6, 7

NORTH CAROLINA
Hudson-Belk Co., Raleigh, Oct. 6

OHIO
Pogue's, Cincinnati, Sept. 12, 13
The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland, Aug. 22, 23, 26, 29
Lazarus, Columbus, Aug. 29

OKLAHOMA
Wayne Russell FABRICS, Inc., Oklahoma City, Sept. 19 to 24

OREGON
Meier & Frank Company, Oregon; Portland, Sept. 19, 20, 21

PENNSYLVANIA
John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Oct. 12

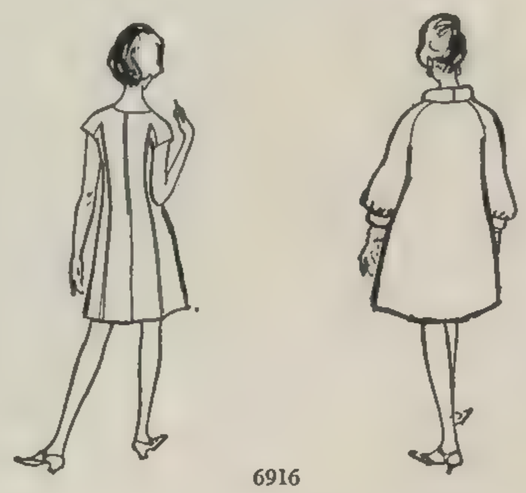
TENNESSEE
Miller Bros. Co., Chattanooga, Oct. 12, 13

TEXAS
Frank's Fabrics, Fort Worth, Aug. 16, 17
Foley's, Houston, Aug. 29, 30
Frost Brothers Fabric Shop, San Antonio, Aug. 25

The Forstmann collection is also at these stores: Buffums', Long Beach and Pomona, Cal.; Bullock's, Santa Ana, Cal.; Belk's, Charlotte, N.C.; N. O'Neil Co., Akron and Canton, Ohio; Rike's, Dayton, Ohio; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Titche-Goettinger, Dallas, Tex.; The Bon Marche, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Wash.; Boston Store, Milwaukee, Wis.

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 112-113; other views, yardages, details)



6916

The turnout that turns the season—trim white dress and brass-buttoned navy-blue coat. Vogue Pattern 6916. Sizes 12 to 20, and 40. Size 14 dress requires 2¼ yards of 54″ fabric without nap; coat, 3⅛ yards of similar fabric. $2. Canada, $2.20.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.

Correction

Vogue regrets that in Vogue Patterns, page 91 of the July issue, Bucol was omitted from the fabric credit. It should have read: cloqué of silk and Lurex metallic yarn, by Bucol. At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field.

FIANCEES ribbon banded pump, about $17.00, at Arnold Constable, Fifth Avenue, New York; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Maas Bros., Florida; Thayer McNeil, New England; Given Bros., throughout the Southwest.



Hail to the Colors of Peru . . . in Corfam®

Fiancees makes these young charmers in vivid, vibrant, eye-riveting red CORFAM* inspired by the ancient treasures of Peru. CORFAM is the wonderful new shoe upper material by Du Pont. Withstands weather, resists scuffs and stains extraordinarily well, keeps its new look longer. Breathes for comfort!

*Du Pont's registered trademark for its man-made poromeric Stockings of Du Pont Cantrece™ Nylon.

CORFAM®

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry* DU PONT

She's mad for
Silver skates,
Wrought iron gates
&
HOWARD WOLF



The elegant look in screened paisley Orlon® acrylic, with a graceful inverted pleat falling from the waist in back. Green, plum, blue. 3-15. .....$33

bullock's
Westwood, Pasadena, Sherman Oaks, Santa Ana, Downtown, Lakewood

HOWARD B. WOLF, INC. / 498 SEVENTH AVE., N.Y. OR DALLAS

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

August 15

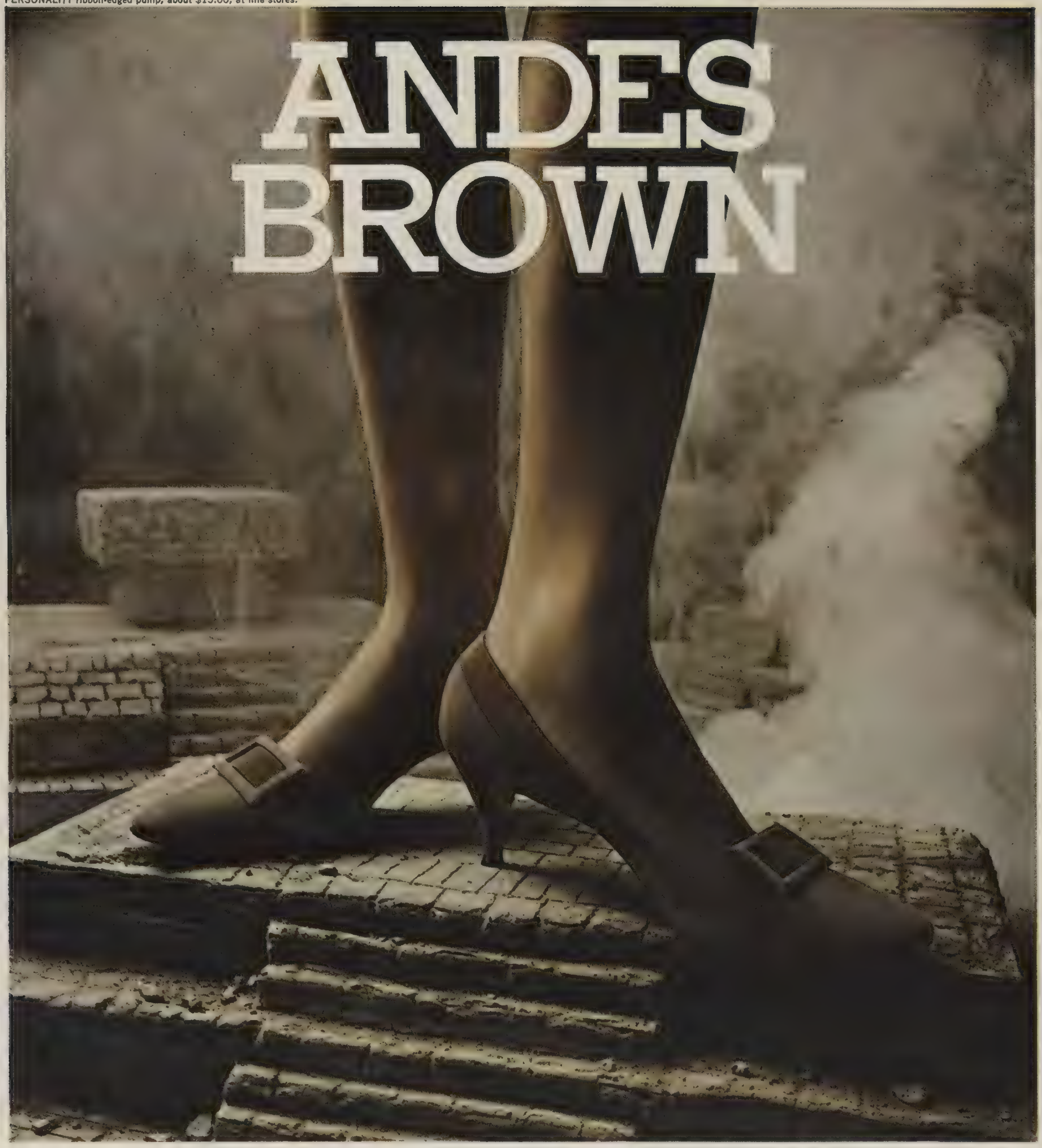
Stuff on men One Paris hairdresser does the hair of Mme. Georges Pompidou three or four times a week. Every fortnight, he travels to the office of her husband, the Prime Minister, to do *his* hair. . . . In New York, certain hairdressers who comb their clients at home for a party are apt to throw in a quick husband hairdo as a courtesy. . . . So increasingly taken are men with their own hair styling and colour ("Should I leave a bit of grey at the temple to show I'm a man of responsibility?") that a mother of our acquaintance was not completely surprised to come upon this scene. In her boy's bedroom—big on college banners, combo records, toy automobile kits, empty Coke bottles, books to do with motorcycles—the following: a hair dryer which she once considered her very own. "What in the world . . . ?" she asked. "I just put the stuff on my hair and get under there and I'm dry in five minutes. And hair dries straighter," he answered, the soul of reason. She left to check her hair spray. Could that be the "stuff?" . . .

Giveaway That splendid hairdresser chap, Kenneth, ordinarily a most unassuming cat, assumed that no one would get any special thrill out of the news that he has decided to go into cosmetics ("on a small scale; I really don't know anything about that business"). For our part, he assumed wrong. . . . Because: who hears the beauty woes and joys of the world's most attractive women more unabatedly? Who, therefore, is in a better position to catch small changes that might make them happier? For instance, many women, in making shade selections from the manicurists' baskets at Kenneth's were observed to ask for one coat of this, then a topcoat of that. So Kenneth bottled the liked combinations, came up with ten much-wanted fingernail effects. Ditto the lipstick story; so ten shades and two glossers. "Right now, it's just nail polish, lipstick, and a mascara wand." Just? What makes them not a small matter—apart from the fact that they represent what his clients want—is their cases. Pure bright enamel, yellow, hot pink, zinnia red, parrot green. In fact, if you want a Kenneth lipstick (his boutique at 19 East 54th St. is the only place you can find one at the moment), you *buy a lipstick case.* Lipstick tossed in free. . . .

On keeping your head: at a distance "What's your stand on hair spray?" we asked the hairdressers whose predictions are described on page 94. "Who can live without it?" said one, summing up the opinions of all. They did concur that—despite the instructions on almost every container that the spray should be held some ten inches from the head—spray and eager head are inclined to get too close for comfort. . . . Naturally, they agreed that hair should never *look* sprayed. Which is one motive of Lanvin's new A Coif of Arpège. While enveloping the hair in well-loved Arpège, the new spray delivers a fine mist with remarkable hold. Yet Arpège-treated hair neither looks sprayed nor feels sprayed nor loses its easy swing. That's a trick. As is the never-needs-removing tortoise-shell cap. Nevertheless: ten inches away from your head, ladies. . . .

Hair weather —improving "No need to send up a weather satellite when they've got my hair to go by," said a woman as she fingered a limp collection of disorderly strands of the thinnest, most sensitive hair we'd recently encountered. . . . However, as a barometer, suddenly she let us down. Her hair had not only acquired a new fullness, but it stoutly maintained that fullness against all hostile elements. . . . She'd been "shapered"—by a clever instrument called Weck Hair Shaper. "Shapering" makes hair weather-resistant by putting bulk where bulk there is not (different hair lengths near the scalp hoist the longer strands). Also does a fattening job on long hair, without reducing length. Tapers craftily where it counts for weather girls. Very talented, this Weck Hair Shaper, which is why, we imagine, most hairdressers have one. . . .

PERSONALITY ribbon-edged pump, about $15.00, at fine stores.



Discover the Colors of Peru . . . in Corfam®

Personality picks the sandy beige-brown of an Inca temple. Creates a great sophisticate of napped CORFAM,* the new shoe upper material by Du Pont. CORFAM withstands weather, needs only mild soap and water for easy upkeep. Resists fading, color rub-off, permanent water-spotting. Breathes for comfort.

*Du Pont's registered trademark for its man-made poromeric Stockings of Du Pont Cantrece™ Nylon.

CORFAM®

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry* DU PONT

SHE'S SHOPPING for an idea. The search leads to the subtle differences that make a home into a personality. The challenge is to seek an answer to this question: *How can you best define your tastes in a world that is constantly changing?*



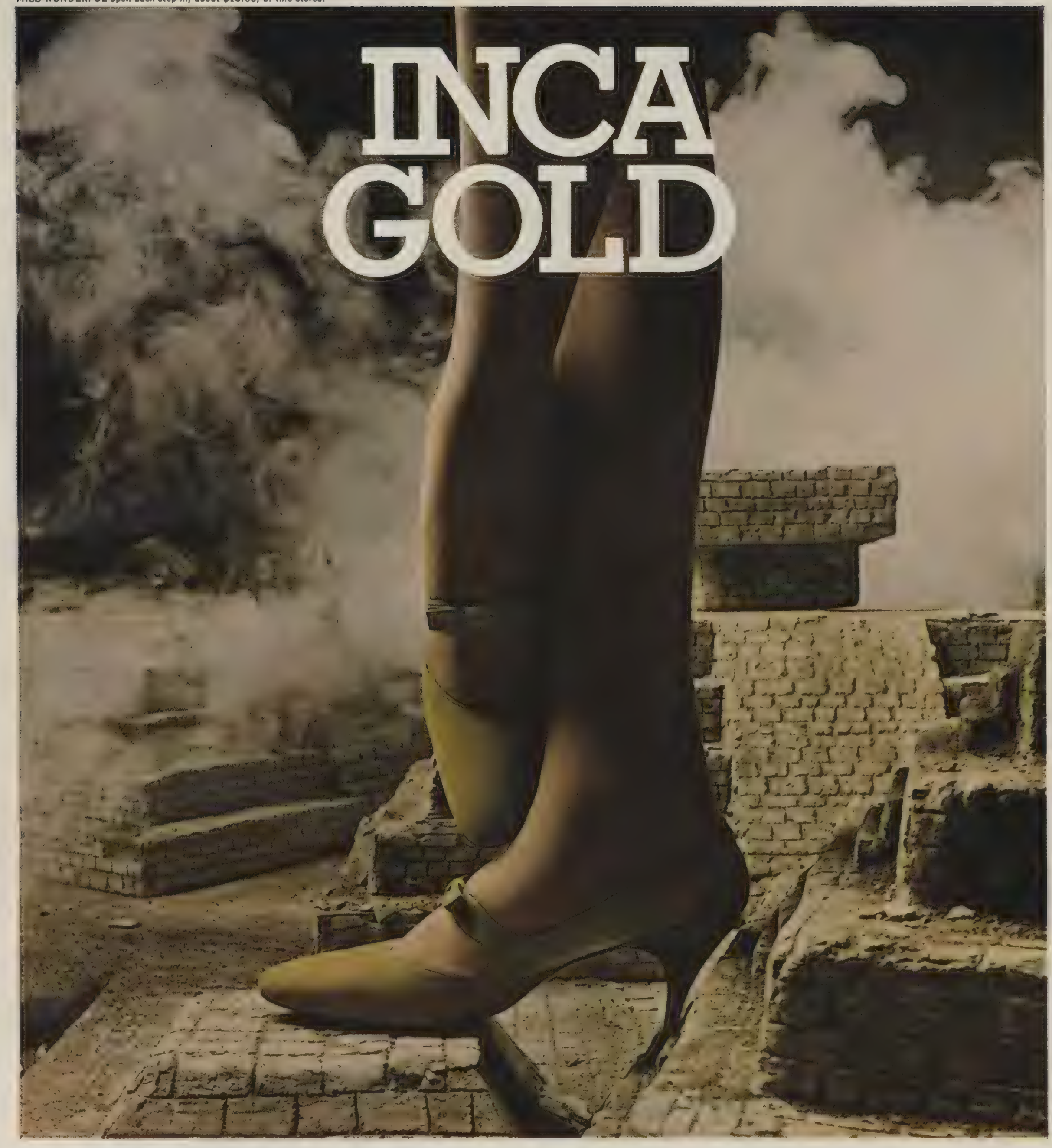
This magazine is a treasury of contemporary ideas and information. It is traditional in its consistent quality from one issue to the next. It is modern in its treatment of an infinite variety of subjects. It is influential in its continuous introduction of new thoughts, styles and trends. Magazines make excellent companions for the woman with an open mind. They broaden scope. They clarify thought. Seek them out. You will be richly rewarded.

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MAGAZINES

MAGAZINE ADVERTISING BUREAU OF MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

MISS WONDERFUL open-back step-in, about $15.00, at fine stores.



Wonderful find! The Colors of Peru . . . in Corfam®

Miss Wonderful does an exposé! Nude heel, strapped instep, two textures of CORFAM*. All in the bronzed green-gold of a long lost civilization. CORFAM is the new shoe upper material by Du Pont. Napped or smooth, it's easy care. Resists fading, permanent water-spotting and color rub-off. Breathes for comfort.

*Du Pont's registered trademark for its man-made poromeric Stockings of Du Pont Cantrece™ Nylon.

CORFAM®

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry* DU PONT

How short should you wear your skirts?

What are your legs like?

What shoes are right for you?

A little girl of six can be enchanting in a thigh-length skirt, but how enchanting is it on her mother? For the woman who wants to be up to the fashion split second, but who also wants to be an elegant beauty, we think mid-knee to an inch above is as short as her skirts should go.



And don't be afraid that not wearing a mini-skirt will make you look old fashioned. If your clothes get the benefit of shoes that are contemporary in line and design, your whole look will look "right."

Shoes designed to do everything for clothes are "Leaping Lizard" and "The Spat" designed by Newton Elkin in a handsome range of colors.

Buy them to go with your pants suits and your skirt suits. At Lord & Taylor, New York and branches; J. W. Robinson, Beverly Hills; Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati, or drop a note to Newton Elkin, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y.



Newton Elkin

Shoes designed with clothes in mind

FROM THE KENRICH HOUSE OF FASHION K



PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

Helen Harper's "Come Hither" heather is knit of the softest, purest imported Shetland wool. You can have it in Hollyberry, Honeyberry or Blueberry, 34 to 40, about 15.00. The skirt to have it with is a bias-checked slim-line without waistline, in Hollyberry or Blueberry pure wool, 8 to 18, about 11.00. At Gimbels, New York; Sage-Allen, Hartford; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Polsky's, Akron; Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles; or write 1407 Broadway, New York.

HELEN HARPER

Tomlinson is a renaissance

Play the candescent glow of a midnight lamp across the surface of the *Grosvenor* hock-leg desk. Light and shadow move with the rhythm of the world's most cherished woods. Throw open a sunny Sunday morning window and watch the ruby velvet of a loveseat catch fire. Rich. Regal. A renaissance of color and texture. Or add the *étagère* to a good room, and see it become a *superb* room. The Tomlinson renaissance began quietly more than 60 years ago, with great and gorgeous lines, lush finishes, rare woods, supple fabrics, and fresh, brave ways of tailoring a sofa or detailing a cabinet. Today, Tomlinson



is creating for dining rooms, living rooms, and bedrooms, the sort of surrounding it's nice to be born into. See Tomlinson furniture at the finest store in your area, or write Patricia Penn, Tomlinson Furniture, High Point, North Carolina, for these handsome folios: *The Furniture of Beautiful Homes* and *The Grosvenor Collection*. $2 each, please.

At left, our esteemed *étagère*, finished in Antique Tokay with custom Midnight decoration. To be used at either end of a sofa, flanking a bed, or simply, solo, to orchestrate the perfect room. *Four hundred and fifty five dollars*, as shown.

TOMLINSON

seeing is deceiving
when you wear

invisi-dot

by Hudson

Hundreds of tiny power-dots
give you a sheer illusion
in sophisticated colors.
At finer stores everywhere.

Hudson

Hosiery. 200 Madison Avenue, New York.

FASHION ON THE MOVE

Two parts of worsted twill in doeskin and black or rajah red and black—underblouse in featherweight black. 8 to 16. About $150.

DAVID BARR for FABIOLA



910 South Los Angeles St.
Los Angeles, California
530 Seventh Avenue
New York, New York

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Groovy case for false-eyelash grooming

She was beautiful but astigmatic. Getting her fake eyelashes anywhere near the roots of her own lashes was a problem she let her make-up man handle until practice perfected her own technique. Having mastered the application, she reached another impasse with the cleansing and recurling routine—winding the false lashes over a pencil, that sort of thing. So: appropriately grateful was she to come upon a small kit engineered by the Eylure of London people who know all about false eyelashes, being deeply involved in the production of same. . . . Eylure's Clean 'n Curl kit comes with eyelash cleanser, curler cream, serpentine brush, and a platform for the whole project which includes a grooved circle to hold the lashes while they bathe. Indeed, this is such an ingenious cleansing and curling contraption that using it is rather entertaining—fun-and-games stuff for grooming the cleanest, wickedest fake lashes in town.

On feeling good all over

There is a certain precocious water sprite of whom we have spoken favourably for some years, a cool character whose name has been leased indefinitely to a cool, cool fragrance, Ondine. A moving essence organized by Suzanne Thierry in Paris and caught in a number of desirable forms (bath oil, soap, and all that), Ondine is up to something new—an extension of the freshening idea for tossing with sprite-ly abandon over one's self after bathing, during the day, any moment an aromatic body refreshment could make one's outlook take a turn for the better. A soft amber liquid, Ondine All Over has the talent of cologne, the feel of a lotion, the behaviour pattern of a moisturizer. And in the latter capacity lies some of its uniqueness. Due to special formulation, its smoothery leaves one, face to toe, in non-greasy shape; sticky it is *not*. An innovation in the body-moisturizer department, Ondine All Over is all for the good of You All Over.

Waking up hair while you sleep

"Spectacular," said a hair-doer who tested this hair-conditioning cream that goes on before shampoo, needs no rinsing out. Goes on the night before if you really want to give your head and scalp the healthy works. "Easier to use than anything else I've experimented with," reported another tester whose hair has to go through the straightening process fairly often and thus needs attentive conditioning. . . . Inspired by the good reviews, we investigated other promised accomplishments of Duon's Revitalizer. Meant to act as a "buffer" before bleaching, colour-balancer before tinting. Equally chummy with wigs and hairpieces. . . . "Revitalized" hair not only promised, but accomplished. We saw; it conquered. . . .

auditions
are available at these fine stores;
listed alphabetically by state

Birmingham, Ala.	The New Williams
Alhambra, Calif.	Prober's Shoe Store
Glendale, Calif.	Wonder Shoes
Los Angeles, Calif.	Innes
Oakland, Calif.	Rhodes Dept. Store
Sacramento, Calif.	Rhodes Dept. Store
Denver, Colo.	Natural Bridge Shoe Store
Hartford, Conn.	Outlet Millinery
New Haven, Conn.	Volin Shoe Shop
Wilmington, Del.	Kennard-Pyle Storm's Shoes
Washington, D.C.	William Allen
Miami, Fla.	Dunlap Shoe Store
Georgia	Most Belk Stores
Chicago, Ill.	Maurice L. Rothschild
Peoria, Ill.	The Shoe Salon
Springfield, Ill.	B. H. Luers Sons
Evansville, Ind.	Baynham's
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres
Des Moines, Iowa	Field Shoe Co.
Lexington, Ky.	Purcell's
Louisville, Ky.	J. Bacon & Sons
Baton Rouge, La.	I. H. Rubenstein
New Orleans, La.	Labiche's
Shreveport, La.	Palais Royal
Baltimore, Md.	Hess Shoes
Boston, Mass.	Conrad-Chandler
Brockton, Mass.	Lanoue Bros.
Worcester, Mass.	Denholm & McKay
Detroit, Mich.	J. L. Hudson
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Wurzburg's
Minneapolis, Minn.	C. M. Stendal
St. Paul, Minn.	Kelly's Comfort Shoes
Kansas City, Mo.	Showalter's
Lincoln, Neb.	Wells & Frost
Omaha, Neb.	J. L. Brandeis
Asbury Park, N.J.	Sam Eidelsberg
Newark, N.J.	Queen Quality Shoe Shop
Passaic, N.J.	Steckler's Footwear
Plainfield, N.J.	Dean's Shoes
Brooklyn, N.Y.	Martin's
Flushing, N.Y.	Rays Fashion Quality Shoes
Jamaica, N.Y.	Natural Bridge Shoe Shop
Manhattan, N.Y.	Natural Bridge Shoes Selby 34th St.
Mount Vernon, N.Y.	Genung's Dept. Store
Troy, N.Y.	Cunning Shoes
Utica, N.Y.	C. Sautters Sons
White Plains, N.Y.	Genung's Dept. Store
North Carolina	Most Belk Stores
Akron, Ohio	Lucky Shoes
Canton, Ohio	Stern & Mann
Dayton, Ohio	Elder-Beerman
Lima, Ohio	Gregg's
Portsmouth, Ohio	Marting's
Springfield, Ohio	Wren's Dept. Store
Tulsa, Okla.	Brown Boot Shops
Allentown, Pa.	Hess's Dept. Store
Harrisburg, Pa.	Cantor's
Lancaster, Pa.	M. T. Garvin
Philadelphia, Pa.	Gimbels
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Natural Bridge Shoes
Providence, R.I.	Shepard's
South Carolina	Most Belk Stores
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Chattanooga Shoe Store
Knoxville, Tenn.	Miller's
Nashville, Tenn.	Baynham's
Dallas, Texas	Volk's
Ft. Worth, Texas	R. E. Cox & Co.
Houston, Texas	Palais Royal
Virginia	Miller & Rhoads
Virginia	Most Belk Stores
Salt Lake City, Utah	Z.C.M.I.
Everett, Wash.	Chester Beard
Charleston, W. Va.	Coyle & Richardson
Huntington, W. Va.	Bradshaw-Diehl
Parkersburg, W. Va.	Dils Bros.
Wheeling, W. Va.	L. S. Good
Madison, Wis.	Arenz Shoes
Milwaukee, Wis.	J. J. Ripple Shoe Store

. . . and other fine stores.

Crafted by Craddock-Terry, Lynchburg, Virginia



Fall's Total Fashion Look

Broadened ovals to blunt squarish toes. Low to haughty little heels. Forward-looking, up-front detailing. Enriched but toned-down colors. Soft, flexible, lightweight, for plenty of go-power. Auditions meet the demand of your busy pace . . . daytime, nighttime, anytime. (Top to bottom: **Ramona, Lenora, Heirloom,** and **Foxy**.)
From $13 to $18.

Crafted by Craddock-Terry, Lynchburg, Virginia

Autumn firsts—
the breezy
young turnout





Stitched-yoke suit, left—stem-green jacket and pleat-front skirt, pink blouse. By Bettina, of Lesur wool gabardine; about $250 at L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Ciner jewellery. Van Raalte stockings.

Ivory and brown wool, above, for a dress and a coat lining that mirrors the pattern. Coat: brown rayon-and-acetate. By David Barr for Fabiola; about $160. Saks Fifth Avenue; Battelstein's. Ciner earrings.

Tiled checks, right, in black-and-white wool jersey—an easy jacket, camisoled skirt with front yoke. By Campioni-Bert Geiger; about $145. Napier earrings. Both: Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Neiman-Marcus.

Double-faced knitting, below, red versus blue, for an Italian wool dress and coat. Coat and skirt, blue; dress-top, red. By Donna Paula; about $225 at Altman's; Harold's. Solar knee socks. Ciner earrings. All Kislav gloves at Best & Co. Golo shoes. Coiffures: Ara Gallant.





PENATI

The Hanes leg is the Great Leg.

Mischievous. Marvelous. Completely adaptable. Standing poised amid cheering crowds. Or scampering off on its own. The Hanes Leg. Kicking up its heels in a new glow of color: "Bright Leaf." Light-hearted. Spontaneous. Purposely fickle. It warms up to every color in your wardrobe. Tops things off with a short new welt that won't show off under short new skirts. And this is just one of our bright ideas. Come see the rest of the Hanes Leg Collection. And plan on a spree. After all, half of you is leg.

Great legs deserve *Hanes*
others need them.



We made this sterling silver porringer circa 1774.

(It's not for sale.)



Country Manor, 4-piece place setting, $33.50

Towle made this sterling silver buffet fork yesterday.

(No extra charge for the 192 years of craftsmanship.)

THE TOWLE SILVERSMITHS are still in almost the exact spot in Newburyport, Massachusetts, where the man who made the porringer above worked. His name was Joseph Moulton III, and his sons carried on the great tradition of unhurried craftsmanship and unsurpassed quality that actually began in 1690.

Today, you can see the results of that great tradition in every piece of Towle silver. You can feel it. You can sense it. Today's Towle sterling is beautiful—and made to be used. For occasions or every day. (You can even put it in the dishwasher; it's *solid* silver.)

Take a good look before you buy it. Study its elegance. Pick up a piece. Balance it. Examine its perfect design, its grace, its grandeur that comes only from the oldest silver-making tradition in America—it dates from 1690.

But hurry. You've already missed 276 years of great silver.

Legato®*	Candlelight®	Old Master®	King Richard®	French Provincial®	Fontana®	El Grandee®*	Contessina*	Debussy®*
$33.50	$32.00	$32.00	$38.25	$32.00	$32.00	$38.25	$33.50	$38.25



*Pattern Copyright by Towle

Prices for 4-piece place setting (teaspoon, fork, knife, salad fork) ©Towle 1966

VEIL YOUR LEGS IN SCHEHERAZADE COLORS

Hummingbird rubs its magic lantern...and poof!...Scheherazade colors. Inspired by the tales of the Arabian Nights, a collection of sheer fantasy...in exotic textures and exciting colors: night white, beige, taupe, smokey grey, plum. For a thousand and one nights...or for just one special night...veil your legs in Scheherazade colors. At all fine stores. Chadbourn Gotham Sales Corporation, 401 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. A Division of Chadbourn Gotham, Inc.

Hummingbird® STOCKINGS

Most girls swear by only one sock in Tycora® yarn– Bonnie Doon®

Fashion says that this is the year of the leg. And your Bonnie Doon legs never had it better. They're covered with fashion—hundreds of colorful, jaunty textures and patterns to keep them paces ahead. But always at prices that let you have look after beautiful look.

Shown: **Regency.** Lacy bouclé knit of Tycora stretch nylon. Designed by Mary Quant for Bonnie Doon. Delicious colors. One size fits all. $2.50. At fine stores everywhere. Bonnie Doon, 11 East 36th St., New York or write Harbor View Ave., Stamford, Conn.

Camel hair by Warren of Stafford.
Shorter-than-long coat suit by Stanley Nelson.
How do you top this kind of luxury?

Wear their matching hat.



Soft as down and creamy as butterscotch, camel hair by Warren of Stafford drapes like no other fabric made. The embodiment of Fall's return to elegance, it steps out here in an Edwardian coat knowingly shaped and side-pleated for grace. A tone-on-tone French sweater provides subtle contrast and the silhouette can be heightened with the designer's peaked, visored "cap."

Warren of Stafford

Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's; Gus Mayer Stores; Halle Bros.; Julius Garfinckel; The Clothes Horse, Portland, Ore.; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati

It's sensational...

I'm in Love...

with my
Fashion Wagon
advisor

I'm in love with this at-home way to shop for family clothing. I'm in love with the way my Fashion Wagon Advisor suggests the newest fashion colors, styles and fabrics. *It's no wonder I'm in love!*

[illegible]—Attend a Fashion Wagon showing at the home of a friend, or hostess a party yourself and receive a free clothing gift.

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P.S. The Fashion Wagon of Minnesota Woolen is synonymous with fine clothing. 1966 is their fiftieth year of service to our nation. Best of all, you save 20% and more on everything you buy. See why you'll fall in love, too!



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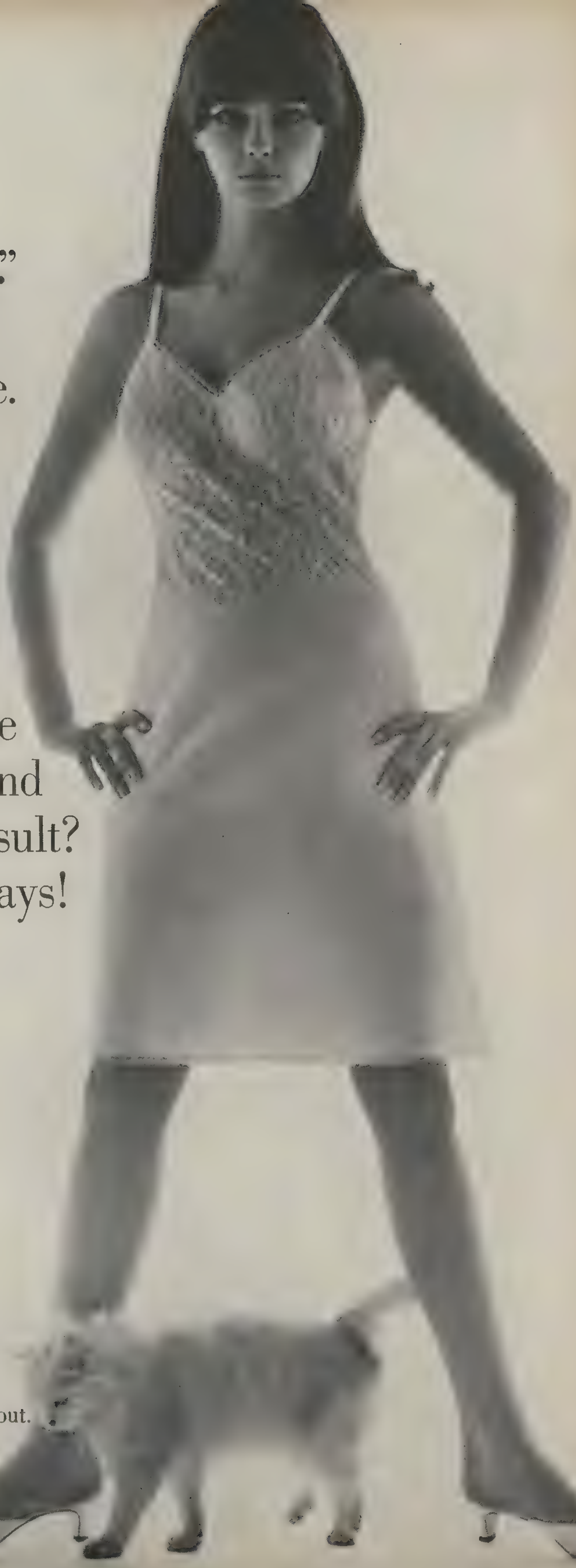
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Like to Hostess a Style Show Party But Don't Know How?
Be Wiser! *Welcome your Fashion Wagon Advisor*

Kayser gives knits "The Slip."

"The Slip" always knows its place. No clinging to knits. No close attachments to you, either. And freedom from static electricity. What's more, your knits won't sit out where *you* sit. The secret is in the fabric—Taftalene,™ made of fabulous Enkalure® nylon. And made a special, Kayser way. Result? "The Slip" in many wonderful ways!

Full or half, print or plain, tailored or lacy. This one has an all-lace bodice. In white, black, beige bouquet or real red, about $8.00. Also available in Canada. Another fine product of ®, Kayser-Roth, 425 Fifth Avenue, New York 10016.



Kayser is marvelous in bed and out.

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We have leopard for breakfast.

There are some women who actually want to look beautiful all the time. Even in the morning. Max Bogen designs furs to go with their mood. Not their food. If you're one of these women, you'll like our furs.

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VOGUE'S

The gleaming Opera Ball at the Smithsonian in Washington

In Washington the Smithsonian Institution's new, sleek, and spacy Museum of History and Technology is the place to give a party. Room to dance, to decorate with sweep, to catch the surprise of exhibited vintage cars and carrousels looming like surrealist islands in the offing. For the Opera Ball Cinderella '66, recently, a glade of birch and flowering trees flourished around luminescent tables covered in silver and lighted from below. For years one of Washington's best liked parties, the Opera Ball clicked a notch higher in these romantic surroundings. Hung-up on the music of Peter Duchin and The Modern Rock Quartet, the people, the party, the place glowed. More people came, more people danced, more money was raised than before—all to the good of The Opera Soci-



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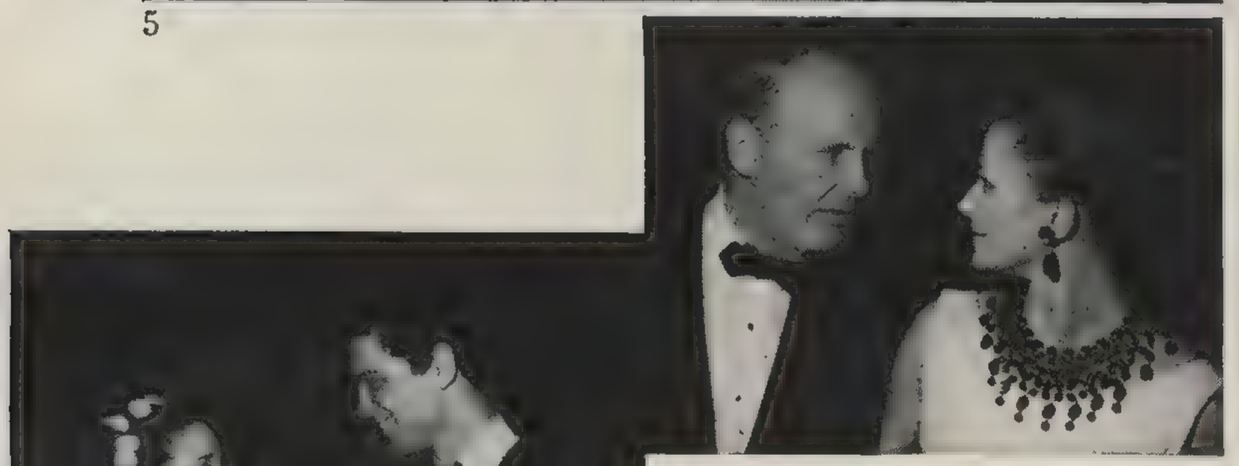
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NOTEBOOK

ety of Washington, and of The Metropolitan Opera National Company which performed their appealing production of Rossini's *Cinderella* before the ball. Like this buoyant opera, the ball, headed by Mrs. Robert S. McNamara, had beat, gaiety, and a certain nerve. 1. Dancing in the Smithsonian Institution. 2. Senator and Mrs. Robert F. Kennedy. 3. Mr. Bruce McPherson; Miss Virginia Guest. 4. Prince and Princess Gholam Reza Pahlavi. 5. Mr. Michael Forrestal; Mrs. Edward Kennedy; Mr. Peter Duchin. 6. Ambassador Randolph A. Kidder; Mrs. Neil Carothers, III. 7. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis P. Rutherfurd. 8. Mr. and Mrs. James Symington. 9. Mr. Leonard Marks, Jr.; Mrs. Al-Ghoussein, wife of the Kuwait Ambassador to the U. S.



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7



8

9



VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

THEATRE

By ALAN BRIEN

Suite in Three Keys, "*tingling with voltage*'

Noël Coward is the Grand Old Mandarin of the British theatre. His first nights are like imperial levees—the audiences are always the dressiest of the year, a rout of courtiers more desperate to please the author than to be pleased by him. Even the critics seem to feel they have been summoned not invited, and next day their prose erupts in purple patches of superlatives like heat spots. He seems to possess the power of entertaining us against our will.

His latest offering in London is a package of one full-length play, *A Song at Twilight,* and two one-acters, *Shadows of the Evening* and *Come into the Garden, Maud,* performed on alternate nights under the omnibus title *Suite in Three Keys.* I find the effect rather baffling and elusive. All three are deeply scarred with the unmistakable stigmata of the self-consciously bad play—mechanically written, arbitrarily plotted, shallow in their ideas, and superficial in their emotions. Yet, at the end of both evenings, I was obliged to admit that my attention had been profitably invested and my sympathies stretched and tested.

The secret ingredient is not the acting, though Mr. Coward himself plays the apex of a sexual triangle in each with Lilli Palmer and Irene Worth. In *A Song at Twilight,* our first sight of him, as a famous satirical writer run to seed after a lifetime of self-indulgence and self-advertisement, is a shock—the elegant lizard profile is smudged and flabby, the lean fencer's body bulging in a potbellied bulb like a thermometer.

Three minutes before the first-act curtain, he comes to a halt in his fretful pacing, dazed and sickened, like an ill old man who has walked into the wall in the dark. He has just learned that his former mistress is releasing to the world some homosexual love letters he wrote as a young man. The camouflage of normality is about to be stripped from him when his defenses are at their weakest. It is a stunning theatrical moment.

Courageous as far as it goes, *A Song at Twilight* is an heroically camp gesture which breaks off in mid-flourish. The first act is nearly all padding—the famous Coward jokes insulated in quotation marks and handed round as if in tongs, and the second act never produces the promised revelation of what it is like to be a sexual outsider in a hostile society. Yet if the play was not intended to demonstrate the strains and subterfuges, the comedy and the tragedy of the double life, why was it written?

The two one-acters are even more bloodless exercises in a conventional vein, worked out in language arthritic with clichés. Now the complaint against the cliché is not that it is untrue but that its truth has fossilized and can no longer adapt to fit a new insight. The characters are always stereotypes, vigorously drawn, heavily outlined, but unable to alter with time. Even the players seem made up in the dressing room with one expression which they preserve, like clowns, whatever happens. Coward is writing, perhaps always has written, about actors and actresses not about men and women. His people never forget they are playing rôles.

Here, I think, lies the strange appeal of the two evenings. Just because the plays are such transparent wrapping, we see (or think we see) the greatest theatrical entertainer of our century signalling that he has new and disturbing messages for us but that he is afraid he lacks the equipment to transmit them across the footlights. Player and playwright, jester and tragedian, are at odds over the amount of heart it is decent to lay bare in public. It is a strange, if unsatisfactory, combat. But the tension between the two attitudes creates its own peculiar electricity and we can not help tingling with the voltage.

MOVIES

By MARYA MANNES

What Did You Do In The War, Daddy? and *Good Times, Wonderful Times,* "*everything's a gas*"

It would be hard to find two wilder and wider contrasts in attitudes and techniques than in these two films, the one made here, the other in England, and both—essentially—to do with war.

In *What Did You Do In The War, Daddy?* Blake Edwards and Maurice Richlin (of *Pink Panther* fame) have made a Panavision slapstick Laff-Riot out of a scramble between American, Italian, and German troops in a little Italian hill town called "Valerno" constructed thirty-five miles out of Hollywood at an approximate cost of $800,000. There is no point going into the plot beyond saying that everything's a gas: crazy drunk Italians, crazy drunk Americans, and crazy drunk Krauts. They are equally entangled in confetti, Italian bosoms, and bureaucratic inanities, and the ensuing din (augmented by a mock battle) is relentless. Only James Coburn invests his character with a semblance of humanity and humour. The Daddies who gather at Legion cookouts to trade nostalgic tales of the best time in their lives will go for this big. So will those who—having no conception of what war is—want to bomb hell out of the Commies everywhere and see no reason why a platoon of German soldiers can't be funny. Oh yes, and the kids: They're far enough away from World War II to laugh their mophaired heads off.

Lionel Rogosin and James Vaughan, however, are not amused. In *Good Times, Wonderful Times* they have trained their cameras on real people at a real London cocktail party as they talk their smart and lubricated talk, and then panned off in the midst of an airy abstraction or giggling joke to some of the most agonizing footage of World War I and II massacre that they had culled from two years of research and screening in London, Paris, Berlin, Warsaw, Budapest, Belgrade, Moscow, and Tokyo.

The cocktail party sequences are the first time, to this reviewer's knowledge, that this common social phenomenon has been recorded with the totally unscripted participation of sophisticated people in the act of being themselves. They include the editor of an English woman's magazine, the head of an advertising agency, a Manchester businessman, a young man-about-town, and a background assortment alternately frugging languidly or pouring themselves drinks.

The talk is consistently entertaining, sometimes very shrewd, far more articulate than most homegrown counterparts. It is a further pleasure to see women taking an equal and witty share in it, unafraid of "losing their femininity" by expressing passionate conviction on matters of principle instead of on personal trivia. They are clearly women of substance, and attractive.

What Rogosin and Vaughan are trying to say, however, is that these fashionable and successful people talk while the world burns, that once more, through their kind of moral insensibility and drift, they are setting the scene for the next mass slaughter.

This juxtaposition, shocking as they make it, strikes me as too pat. These are not really callous people. Their frivolity is not merely the anaesthesia of drink, but part of the built-in human mechanism of self-defense: There are times when you can not bear to face the reality even when—in clearly mounting peril—perhaps you should.

Yet whatever flaws *Good Times, Wonderful Times* is a matter of thinking; the trouble with *What Did You Do In The War, Daddy?* is the much graver matter of feeling. Or not feeling.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By ALBERT GOLDMAN

Giles Goat-Boy, "*egghead omnibus*"

About the best that can be said for *Giles Goat-Boy* (Doubleday) by John Barth, young dean of the anti-realist school of American fiction, is that it will furnish future literary historians with a convenient compendium of current fads and foibles. An indigestible farrago of Black Humour, Science Fiction, Pornographic Fantasy, and Comic Strip Caricature, laced heavily with portentous Myths, Metaphors, and Symbols garnered from the professional study of the classics. the book seems compounded in equal proportions of puerility and academicism.

The basic idea is characteristic of the sort of hip college professor who is gradually taking over literature in this country. Imagine a panoramic mediaeval allegory, like *Piers Plowman*, transmogrified into Pop Art, with its hero—one of those indomitable naïfs who succeed despite themselves—transformed into a goofy kid reared on a goat farm *as a goat!* Picture this Pop Parzival setting out to redeem a world represented awkwardly as a huge University, with East and West Campuses, a history that includes Campus Riots I and II, and a monstrous God—WESCAC—a computer that combines superhuman intelligence with brutish lust. Now people this University with the usual academic types—sexually abandoned nymphs, priapic blacks, Nazi motorcycle hoodlums, and mad scientists (who talk like Sid Caesar Professors)—toss in a false messiah who walks on water, add lots of hocus-pocus in the red belly of the Minotaur computer, into which the hero must three times descend, cap it all with a full-length parody of *Oedipus Rex* in the American slang and you have a fair idea of the cultural freight crammed into this egghead omnibus.

Giles sounds contrived and it is. But worse than its synthetic substance is the childishness of the writing. Fancy characters who register emotion by snapping, "Flunk you!" Or dialogue that runs like this: " 'Adultery is flunkèd,' I declared into her . . . She whispered, 'A-plus.' " After crawling through seven hundred pages of this sort of thing, the reader groans, "F-minus." Perhaps the most serious criticism is that when Barth has finished his tedious task of encoding the familiar features of the contemporary world into academic jargon, we are no wiser than when we began. Enamoured of allegory as method, game, or gimmick, Barth ignores its real purpose, which is to offer truth in a guise that disposes us to belief. Any old-fashioned, first-person narrative affords as much insight into life—and much more conviction and delight—as does this looming literary junk sculpture.

After reading such a book, one is more dubious than ever about the ambitions animating many of our serious younger writers. They all seem eager to escape the real, to soar into fantasy, to dive into obscenity, to rival Rabelais, Swift, and the geniuses of literary artifice. But one looks in vain for the extraordinary talents required to attain such extravagant goals. And having had in Joyce a golden Daedalus, we quickly grow impatient with this covey of leaden Icaruses.

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LEATHER REFERS TO UPPERS

MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Paris is the place to buy a London bobby's raincoat; next to impossible in London. The reason to buy it is simple—the double-breasted, extra-long, rubber-laminated raincoat is the best possible foul-weather gear for the country. The shop is Bistro Tricot in the rue Bonaparte and the price is $60. . . . ***Required reading*** for a car buff: the Haan catalogue. It's the catalogue of Vilém B. Haan, Inc., sports car accessories; lists everything from driving gloves, racing drivers' suits, helmets, and chronographs to car polishers; stone guards to factory workshop manuals for twenty-six sports car models. Available from Haan, 10305 Santa Monica Blvd., West Los Angeles, California 90025. It's free. Already on their mailing list: the Prince of Thailand, actors and diplomats around the world. . . . ***Watch the windows*** in the Lincoln Continental Executive Limousine—the glass in the passenger compartment is photochromatic—it darkens when the sun is bright, lightens automatically at dusk. Some faces to be seen through the windows: Santa Fe Railway president, Ernest Marsh; St. Louis Cardinals owner, August A. Busch, Jr. The car is made by Lehmann-Peterson, Chicago coach builders, and sells from $14,500. . . . ***Rome:*** Brioni is putting large cartridge pockets inside suits to hold cigars. . . . Roman men wear dancing pumps with regular business suits after 6 P.M. ***Gianni Agnelli's*** are made in black calf by Carlo Palazzi, Via Borgognona 7. . . . ***J. Paul Getty, Jr.*** bought the tunic-collar "Guru" jacket at Testa, Via Frattina 104. About $50. . . .

It's curious that one of the most-photographed men of our time, ***Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.,*** surprises by looking so unlike his photographs: taller, slimmer than the man one expects. There is no mistaking the dash, the style, however, or the colour: very bright blue eyes, ruddy tan, silver hair, and astonishingly white teeth. One hot summer day, Mr. Fairbanks was in his New York apartment . . . en route back to London from Missouri where he received an honorary Doctor of Fine Arts degree from Westminster College, and delivered an address. Before taking an early evening plane to join his wife and children in London, he filled the day with business calls and appointments, working from a big white club chair flanked by telephones and surrounded by notes, books, papers, and letters spread on the bone-coloured carpet. Mr. Fairbanks's eye for strong, but un-obvious combinations of colour was apparent in his clear-blue shirt striped and collared in white, canary-yellow wide tie, teal-blue and magenta sari-silk pocket handkerchief, and red carnation in the lapel of his slate-grey suit. . . .



JACK ROBINSON

"***The most important thing*** is that the suit be well cut. Then it needn't be particularly new or even particularly well pressed. It will always hang properly. I make my suits last for years. The other day, I took one that's, oh, eight years old, in to be altered—have the lapels narrowed and the trousers taken in. I go to Stovel & Mason in Old Burlington Street where I've trained the cutter to what I like, and he never commits the classic fault of London tailors—leaving too much fullness in the seat of the trousers. ***For sports things,*** I go to Huntsman, in Savile Row, but in any case I'm rather conservative about suits. Being an actor, I plan my clothes rather more. No one in public life can afford to overstep. One has a responsibility, and before I get anything new, I brood about it, try it out on my wife and daughters, and perhaps on someone in the Club. ***Once the suit is settled, then the only thing is shoes and linen.*** I usually wear proper shoes except when I'm travelling, then I wear these things [well-polished tan loafers] because they're so comfortable on planes. Otherwise, I go to Maxwell's in Dover Street, and I always have shoes with elastic sides. I've been having them made since shortly after the war, and I don't even own any lace-ups any longer. I suppose ***I spend more on shirts*** than on anything else, and I'm not so conservative about them. Mainly they're from Turnbull & Asser. Beyond Turnbull I go, oh, all over. I might buy something at Sulka here, in Paris at Charvet. ***I would rather buy in London*** than any place, though, because London is to men what Paris is to women. It's a town that's set up for it. You find a variety. . . . In Rome or Paris or New York there are two or three top tailors or shirtmakers; in London there are fifty-two all over the joint. I never buy ties because I have so many. The other day a man came up to me and said, 'You're really right up to the minute, wearing a wide tie.' I said, 'No, I've had this one since 1932.' When it comes to ***combinations of patterns and colours,*** my wife tells me that I run to reds and blues, but I assure you it's not conscious. I do like blues, and yellows, but not beige or tan. Combining the patterns and colours is simply a question of getting a contrast. With a striped suit I wouldn't wear a striped shirt. With a striped shirt I would wear a plain woven tie in a much deeper or brighter colour. The thing to keep in mind really is that the shirt, tie, and suit can't look all the same in colour or scale of pattern, and, of course, not to be self-conscious about combinations. The one thing that I am especially conscious of is combining ties and pocket handkerchiefs. I avoid matching them at all costs. The pocket handkerchief should be coloured and patterned, but not matching the tie . . . better to have it related, or even entirely unrelated, so long as they don't look wrong together."



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AUGUST 15, 1966

VOGUE'S

EYE VIEW
ECCO!
SILVERLEGS!

All in silver and shimmering like moonlight—that's the message being flashed now by the prettiest legs in Rome: this dazzling length of silver lamé stocking in a new, larger fishnet-pattern and silver lamé pumps with big, sparkly buckles and flat, soft, perfect little oval toes. Worn with short black evening dresses. Worn with short white evening dresses. And worn by everybody—a really sensational way to dress legs and feet at night. Stockings, of Lurex metallic yarn from Amsterdam, at Sakowitz. The silver lamé pumps by Dal Cò.

GIANNI LAMI

ANKLE-STRAP
SANDALS, TO A T

ASYMMETRIC HEMLINE, TO A POINT

A VARIETY OF HEM-LINES TIPPING THE NEWS FOR LEGS AND FEET

Legs are still it—that's the whole thing. And what it boils down to is this: you're going to see a real variety of hemlines now, with nothing but good news for legs and feet. You're going to continue to see the short hemline, and you're going to wear it on your own terms—just brushing the knee or inches above; comfortably, becomingly, realistically short. You're going to see all variations of the asymmetric hemline—sometimes showing the leg in profile, sometimes head-on, sometimes this way, that way, and with a little coquetry always. You're going to see a hemline that makes a new proportion—16 inches from the floor; a graceful, languorous sort of rhythm on the leg; something to think about.... Above all, with every variety of hemline, you're going to see legs and feet, and you're going to see them dressed to perfection. The low-heeled buckled pump, of course. But these, too: shoes with asymmetric throats, asymmetric toes, with slightly shaped, raised heels for day; with sexy little pinch-waisted talon-twists for evening. And at long, long last: long, long stockings, and really fitting tights to the waist—all in praise of a beautiful length of leg.

How to dress legs and feet for a shock-pink asymmetric hemline, left: Matching satin sandals with silver ankle-straps shaped to a T (by Newton-Elkin); long, luminous pink nylon stockings with a narrow two-inch welt (by Hudson). Donald Brooks sleeveless silk faille dress, about $255. All at Lord & Taylor. Dress also: Dayton's.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

FOR AN ASYMMETRIC HEMLINE, POINTED IN BACK,
TALON-TWIST SANDALS NETTED IN FRONT

chartreuse slant, left leg and feet come to light
strap sandals with jewelled fishnet vamps squared
wist heels. Sheer, matching bouclé stockings, by
lan nylon. Best & Co. Donald Brooks sleeveless silk
metric hem, about $225. Lord & Taylor. Dayton's
slashes, right, stretches the longest dazzle of leg
rex and stretch nylon. By Christian Dior. At Berg-
Magnin. Evins open-vamp white-silk pumps with
buckles, and raised, golden talon-twist heels with
Donald Brooks dress, with a slashed skirt, pointed
d-beaded gold-silk crêpe. Jack Gilbert ring. Both:
s, both pages. I. Miller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

FOR A POINTED HEMLINE WITH SLASHED-OPEN SIDES: DAZZLED LEGS AND OPEN-VAMP PUMPS

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

FOR A SHORT SHINING HEMLINE: BROCADE FLOWERS, GOLD TALON TWISTS

COAT WITH AN ASYMMETRIC HEMLINE: ASYMMETRIC PUMPS ON HIGHER, SHAPED HEELS

For a lamé-striped dress with a short hemline, left: more glitter for legs and feet....Black-and-gold brocade sandals with sunbursts of jewelling on the closed toes; black-and-gold brocade soles—vinyl-covered where they meet the dance floor—and little golden talon-twist heels. By Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel. Silvery sheer-nylon stockings with sunbursts of gold lace, rhinestones; by Beautiful Bryans, to order at Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel. For a coat with an asymmetric hemline, above: asymmetric pumps, in purple suède...slanted at the throat, at the flattened toe; raised on slightly shaped, higher heels. By Julianelli. Violet stockings of sheer nylon, chevron pattern; by Hudson. Double-faced wool coat—purple outside, raspberry-red inside—the wide hemline sharply raised in front, dipped to a V in back. By Donald Brooks. All at Lord & Taylor. Shoes, also at Woodward & Lothrop. Coat, also Dayton's.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

FOR HEADLINES AT HOME,
MEET ON A MIRROR

WITH PALAZZO PYJAMAS, GLITTER
HITS THE BULL'S-EYE


WHERE CAPTAIN FLOW
THE CATS WHISKERS
THE ALL-IN-A-COLOUR IDEA FROM THE GROUND UP





BERT STERN

Claudia Cardinale in the new mink drama

A great young beauty—with her long, velvety-brown eyes, her blinding smile—Claudia Cardinale wears, here, a great new beauty among furs: patterned mink. Her next movie will be *A Rose for Everyone.* White lightning on beige, far left: Pale-brown mink worked with white mink diagonals, like lightning flashes; easy smock shape. Coat of Emba Palomino natural pale-brown mink, and "Jasmine," Emba white mink. Miriam Haskell necklace. Kislav gloves: Best & Co. Black-and-white herringbones, left: White mink on black—new drama. Coat of black-dyed mink and "Jasmine," Emba white mink. Both coats by Emeric Partos, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffures are by Vittorio d'Italia.

PATTE



RNED WOOLS

CHANGING THE SURFACE OF FASHION



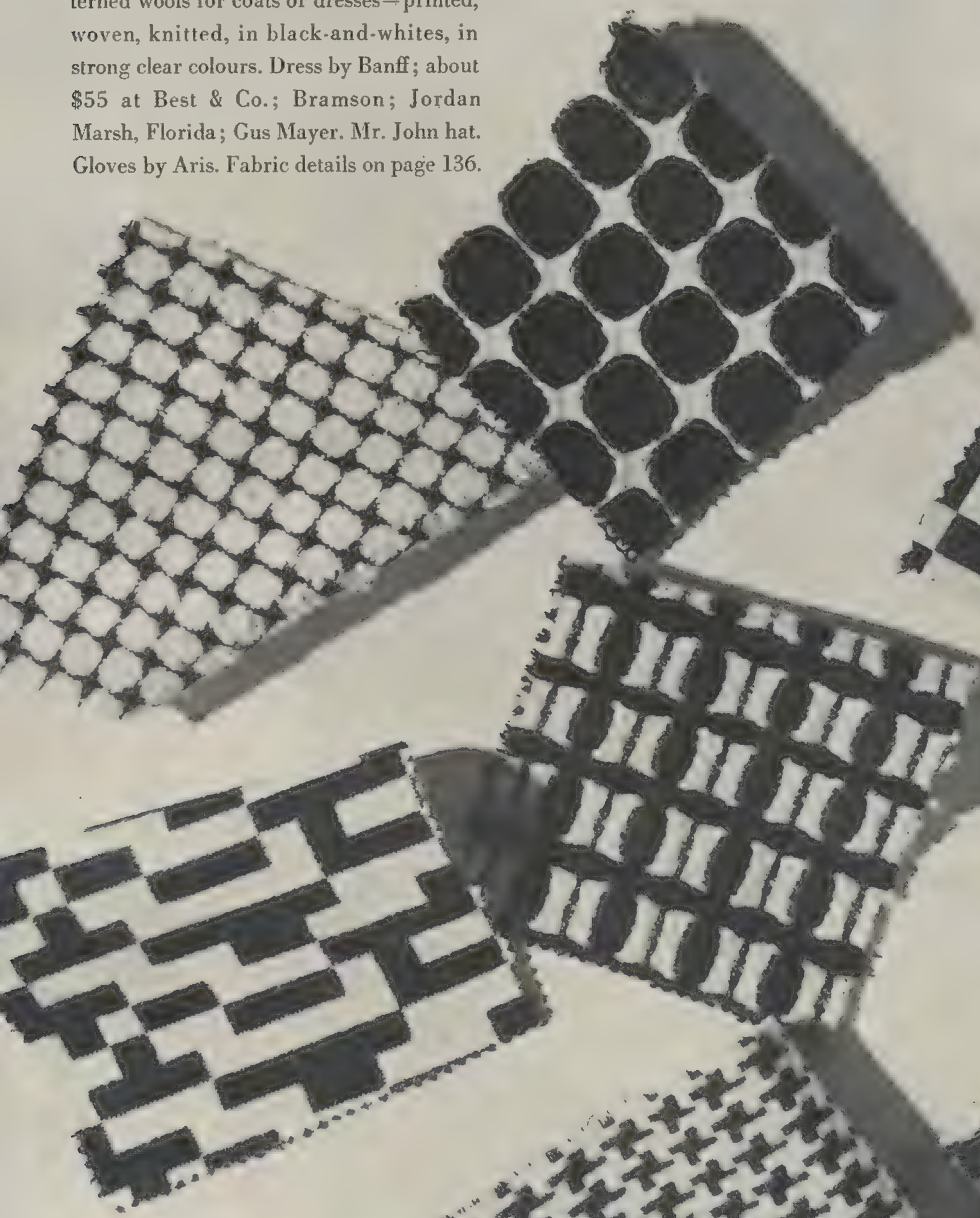
On the wool surface now: designs—bold, geometric, worked into totally spectacular effects —worn with more patterns, or with clear solid colours. Tile checks, left, of flame-pink, dark-brown—a coat with small shoulders, a sleeveless dress. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner; a wool mark costume of Verron wool. Hat by Mr. John. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Smashing slants of brown, right, printed on a white wool coat with strict shape, over a white wool dress. By Donald Brooks, of Anglo wool printed by Forum in a design by Tom Isbell. Mr. John hat. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Costume: Hutzler's; Rich's; Sakowitz.



PATTERNED WOOLS—
THE CHECK-STRIPED KNIT

Lines form to the right—black on white, checks working into stripes. What they form: new excitement for a sleeveless dress of knitted wool. Swatched all over these pages, more patterned wools for coats or dresses—printed, woven, knitted, in black-and-whites, in strong clear colours. Dress by Banff; about $55 at Best & Co.; Bramson; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Gus Mayer. Mr. John hat. Gloves by Aris. Fabric details on page 136.







PATTERNED WOOL TAILORING— ABSTRACT CHECKS

Checks with a tiled look, dark-and-white—great now with clear turquoise-blue, with a striped Valentino turban. Geometric hound's-tooth, left, dark-brown and white, for a coat with a flared hem; dress of turquoise wool jersey. By Geoffrey Beene, coat of Lesur wool. Fuchs pigskin gloves. Both at Bonwit Teller. Costume, also at Woodward & Lothrop; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Halston hat, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Trifari earrings at Bonwit Teller. Checks plus stripes, right, a wool twill dress with long, narrow sleeves, a wool jersey turban boldly striped. Both: black and white. Dress by Larry Aldrich, of Meyer wool, loomed in America; about $160. Halston hat, to order. Van Raalte gloves. All: Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Livingston's, Ohio; Famous-Barr; Joseph Magnin.

PENN

Standouts now for suits—giant plaids, their lines raised from the surface for sharper dimensions; domino checks in domino colours, woven into spongy tweed. Surface plaid, left, smoky orange in a raised pattern on black—a narrow seven-eighths-length coat and skirt, black blouse. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan, of Linton wool. At Bergdorf Goodman; Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin. Black-and-white plaid, right, the same plaid pattern in a lighter wool, for a racy suit with deep lapels, long jacket, narrow skirt. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan, of Linton wool. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Adolfo hats: Saks Fifth Avenue. Domino checks, upper right, in black-and-white wool tweed with a jacquard look; suit with a small collar, small armholes, straight shape. By Laird Knox; about $250. KJL earrings. Both: Bonwit Teller. Suit, also at L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. This page: Golo shoes. On both pages: gloves by Crescendoe-Superb.

PATTERNED WOOLS—
THE BOLD DIMENSIONS

TOTAL SUCCESS LOOKS

THE DOUBLE-FACED COAT COMPLETED BY DRESS

Weighing in at nothing, the double-faced coat turned out over its own matching dress—luxurious and complete, a triumph of tailoring. Grey wool, camel wool, white leather, left: Now it's grey, now it's camel—the reversible double-faced coat, with its own grey dress. Leather-bound turnout by Christian Mann for Marquise, of Anglo wool loomed in America. At Henri Bendel; Woodward & Lothrop; Gidding-Jenny; I. Magnin. Helmet: Anello for Emme. Grandoe gloves. Both, at Altman's. Camel-and-blue plaid, camel wool, right: Double-faced doubles—plaid tweed coat faced with camel, over a camel dress. Wool turnout by Fabiani for Feder. Beige felt roller by Mr. John. Both, at Bonwit Teller. Turnout, also at Marie Leavell. Tréfousse beige kidskin gloves, at Altman's.

PENN





TOTAL SUCCESS LOOKS CLUED BY PLAID



Plaid sets the pattern—for dress, for double-faced coat: cut of the same cloth, cut at the same great clip. Red plaid, grey wool, left: Raglan-sleeved grey opens on clannish plaid—the coat's facing, the narrow dress. Wool turnout by Ben Reig. Mr. John hat. Both, Bonwit Teller. The turnout, also at L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Gloves by Tréfousse. Beige-brown plaid, beige wool, above: The swing here is to plaid checks—on the double with a dress and a beige coat. Wool turnout by Samuel Winston. At Bergdorf Goodman; Halle Bros. Hat by Anello for Emme. Beige pane-plaid, black wool, right: Leaded with black, faced with black—a double view of windowpane checks. Coat and dress by Adolphe Zelinka; Empire Mills fabric, loomed in America. About $145. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. Chukker helmet by Mr. Arnold. Gloves, this page, by Lanolav.

PENN



TOTAL SUCCESS LOOKS— PATTERNED ON CONTRAST

Patterned weaves face plain; long-haired weaves face smooth—the total success of colour and texture balanced in contrast. Brown-white pane plaid faces brown wool, right: Nothing succeeds like total success—this bright-brown coat faced by brown and white windowpane checks, matching turtleneck dress; marvellous looks any time, anywhere. Turnout by Charles Cooper for Cooper-Couture, in Agnona wool. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Joseph Horne; Joseph Magnin; Frederick & Nelson. Mr. Arnold hat. Kislav gloves. Golo shoes. For details of the success story, left, see p. 136.

PENN



TOTAL SUCCESS LOOKS—KEYED TO A PATTERN



Clear solid colour boldly juxtaposed with plaid or stripes: call it a pattern for success—it sums up the total luxury of coat and dress turnouts this year. Brown wool, brown-white plaid, right: Double-faced coat in the solid success colour, brown; plaid notched revers openly hint at what's to come—the facing, the dress. A wool mark turnout by Stanley Nelson, in Agnona fabric. Chukker helmet by Anello for Emme. Both, at Saks Fifth Avenue. The turnout, also at Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus. Viola Weinberger gloves. For both sides of the success story opposite, see page 136.

PENN



Maybe not the hemline for you; don't worry about it. Think about it. Look at it for a while. Let your eye get used to the whole proportion—not just the longer, slightly cloche-shaped skirt, but the shorter, yoked jacket that shows a bit of leather, belted and tied at the waist, and the lightly blown-out sleeves held by a band at the wrists....The point is: here, in two versions, is a beautiful little suit; whether the skirt is worn long or shorter, everything about it—the proportioning, the seaming, the way sleeves are set in to the shoulders—all is perfection. *Left:* Longer-skirted suit in brown Anglo wool; ribbed yellow turtleneck top. Van S earrings. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Suit, also at I. Magnin. Adler stockings. *Right:* Grey Shetland wool suit; black turtleneck top. Henri Bendel; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Monet earrings. Prestige stockings. Both pages: wool mark suits by Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch. Crescendoe-Superb gloves, Bergdorf Goodman. Golo short, buckled boots. Ara Gallant coiffures; Tovar-Tresses hairpieces.

MAYBE NOT THIS YEAR
OR NEXT,
BUT SOMETHING
TO THINK ABOUT:
THE HEMLINE
THAT MEASURES UP—

16"

GUY BOURDIN



16"

FROM THE FLOOR—
THE HEMLINE
ON THE
LONGER-SKIRTED SUIT

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The thin, blurred, suffering faces of the U.S. forces in Viet Nam, seen on the television screens. . . . The increased curiosity about the people of North Viet Nam. . . . The number of books describing life in China which means these days Red China and not General Chiang Kai-shek's Republic of China on Formosa.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The instant attention-getters, the words acid-head, psychedelic, and LSD, a way of giving the public its own mind-enlarging, sudden trip into mental space without paying the fare.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The Multiversity,* an interesting but not fascinating book by Nicholas von Hoffman who uses the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana to come to conclusions about many universities—too big, heartless, too much sex; among the Hoffman details: the Japanese tea ceremony performed at Illinois by a young Japanese man of grace who was so commanding that the "incongruity of his sprinkling incense on a General Electric hot plate passed unnoticed."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The raga sound of some of the Beatle beat, copied by others, who definitely hear the newest sound as that of the Indian sitar. . . . The softened, watery, somewhat pulpy charm of the movie *Walk, Don't Run,* with Cary Grant playing something between a rousing Cupid and Grampa too Foxy to a pair of young lovers, but to no avail as any woman old enough to enjoy the intrigue would clearly choose Grant.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain,* a rivetting biography by Justin Kaplin who has the wit and the scholarship to find new matters to discuss on the subject of the cleavage between the bitter, nostalgic brilliance of the writer Twain and his disappointed other self, Samuel Clemens, who always longed to be a big business man and in the process managed to lose the enormous earnings of Twain.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In Paris, the German director, Volker Schloendorff, who made the movie *Les Désarrois de l'Élève Törless,* which tells the story of life in a good German boarding school about 1900 —in its own way, it is somewhat like the school that Kipling's Stalky went to; the French are amazed at the frankness and the discretion of the hazing scenes, the almost unconscious schoolboy sadism. . . . The grandeur, the excitement, the imagination of the African art exhibition.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The extraordinary RAND Corporation, which in its annual report mentions happily the JOSS System, "linking the researcher at a typewriter console by telephone lines to a central computer"; this feeding System can be learned in twenty minutes; about one hundred RAND staff use it. . . . In London, *Death of a Naturalist,* a book of poems by the young Irish poet Seamus Heaney whose talent is powerful and generous.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The lovely absurdities of the movie *How To Steal a Million,* in which Hugh Griffith is completely Italian rococo, Peter O'Toole completely a bemused actor, and Audrey Hepburn completely and superbly dressed, her every change a lesson in fashion.

THE NAKED CAMERA EYE OF BRUCE DAVIDSON

"You have to step into the picture, and you have to step out and back," said Bruce Davidson, whose photographs (including the priest among fallen children, *opposite*) are on exhibition now through September at The Museum of Modern Art in New York. This double vision of his—of environments that are almost allegorical in their sweep, and of split-flash human intimacy—gives Bruce Davidson's work an unsettling force. He shucks moments bare. A slight young man with quicksilver eyes, Bruce Davidson set out this summer in a camper with a big black-hooded camera like some itinerant journeyman to photograph people in towns and villages across America. He hurls himself into events, has photographed the inner circles of teen-aged gangs, life in the up-to-date shambles of Los Angeles, miners in Wales, and many of the civil rights marches in America (a portfolio of his photographs illustrates the book, *The Negro American,* published by Houghton Mifflin). Included in the considerable work he has done especially for Vogue were his studies of the calm beauty of Leningrad, and of the radiance of the Land of Jesus. Much of his best work snatches the unplanned chance. The photograph shown here was taken during the shooting of a war movie in Spain as children aped the director telling his actors to act dead. Into this travesty of tragedy Bruce Davidson asked a friend, an American-educated Spanish priest who works with impoverished gypsies, to step. Then he asked the children to play the scene again, and made from this simple event this extraordinary photograph, complex in implication and emotion. "The job of the photographer," said Bruce Davidson, "is to bring into focus the human view. It has to be done with the naked human eye."



Remembering Mr. Maugham

By Garson Kanin

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Garson Kanin in* Remembering Mr. Maugham, *his new book to be published in October by Atheneum, has managed to be amusing, sensitive, honest, critical, and still a friend of the famous old man who died at ninety-one in 1965, deaf and paralyzed, after almost sixty-five years of fame. To some W. Somerset Maugham, known as Willie to his friends, was the greatest writer of his time, to others he was only a fantastic success as novelist, short-story writer, and playwright. For most of his last years he lived at Villa Mauresque on the French Riviera. That is where some of the conversations in these excerpts took place—conversations that were notable partly because of the vividness of Maugham's stammered part of the dialogue, partly because Mr. Kanin cut down his questions. He was the wall against which Maugham played conversational jai-alai.*

1954. London.

When we arrived tonight, we found him sitting in front of the television set watching an inane quiz program. He motioned us to chairs.

"It will end . . . shortly," he said, keeping his eyes on the set. "Sit down. Get them a . . . drink, Alan." [Alan Searle, Maugham's secretary-companion from 1945 until the end.]

Ten minutes later, the program ended. He jumped up—I mean jumped—moved with great rapidity to the set and struck it dumb. The picture, however, was left on and continued to flash, squirm, bounce, and jerk for the next hour and a half in frustrated silence.

"You don't mind that, do you, my dear?" he asked my wife [Ruth Gordon] as he kissed her. "We keep it on all day long—and all . . . night as well, so far as I know."

"Why?" I asked.

He regarded me coolly as we shook hands.

"Because," he said carefully, "it is an . . . innovation."

We sat down to talk, to catch up with one another after almost a year.

"Well," I began heartily, "have you had any adventures since we saw you last?"

"Yes," he said. "I . . . dddied."

The final word was slightly delayed and partially stammered, adding to the shock effect.

He looked us over, unabashedly pleased with the bull's-eye dramatic effect of his revelation. Had it come later in the visit, I might have handled it easily, since we are old friends and usually converse on an anything-goes level, in a bantering key.

My voice was unsteady as I broke the long silence.

"Is that the end?"

"Come now. You—you of all people should recognize a splendid . . . dramatic opening. The rest of the story is this." He lit a cigarette in a slow, deliberate motion before continuing. "I felt ill and was taken to hospital in Lausanne—excellent—where all sorts of things I did not want done to me were . . . done to me. I grew weaker by the hour and was drugged a good deal of the time. Surgery of some sort was performed, and after a few days, the doctors . . . conveyed to me the intelligence that I was better than ever. I am a doctor myself and so I did not . . . believe them. A young American intern said something about 'out of the woods'—whatever that may mean—and actually clapped me on the shoulder. But no one knows more about a . . . patient than the patient, and I knew that I was not functioning as I should—as I had been for eighty years. There was no point in telling them so. They had done—good chaps—all they could. That night, I refused the sedation—I felt it might do me in and rob me of the resources I needed. I began to sink. The doctors returned. I felt needles in my arm and in my . . . bum. Time ended. It might have been an hour or a century. The light began to change. To my surprise, it did not grow darker—but lighter! It became iridescent, blinding. I could sense my pulse . . . fading, and my heartbeat slowing and still the light increased in intensity—and then, and then the most exquisite sense of release [or did he say 'relief'?] set in and continued. Very like a . . . prolonged orgasm, if you please, but not merely of the genitals—a great final orgasm, a giving up of the whole being—body, spirit, all. I knew that the end had come and I remember being grateful to . . . nature for making it so exceedingly pleasant. I don't mind that at all, I thought. Half an hour in a . . . dentist's chair is far worse. Oh, well, I mused, as the last of life left me—I've had a good enough time, and all in all it's been a most . . . gratifying experience. Then something told me to let go and I smiled and I let go and . . . dddied." He lit another cigarette at this point with the burning

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end of the butt in his hand. He continued. "Imagine my consternation when I was awakened by a . . . cold thermometer being pressed into me. I moved away and shouted something . . . vile and stayed cross all the day. It was not until teatime that I realized my good fortune. Now that I knew what . . . death was like, I need no longer fear it. I can describe it accurately—natural death, I mean. I know nothing of violent death. Natural death is the . . . final relaxation, nothing more. Give them another . . . drink, Alan."

Thus, Somerset Maugham in 1954 at the age of eighty.

* * *

1951. St. Jean-Cap Ferrat.

Whenever he leaves St. Jean-Cap Ferrat for any length of time, the paintings are stored in the vaults of his bank in Nice. And of course, he explains, he pays regular fees to the Thieves' Union.

"The what?" I ask.

"Yes," he says. "The Thieves' Union. It has been in existence here on the Côte d'Azur for as . . . long as anyone can remember. When I first arrived in 1928, a committee paid a call. They were most . . . correct and formal and explained that my property would be exempt from . . . molestation upon payment of a nominal fee. There was no profit in this, they insisted—not for anyone—but there were expenses involved."

"At home we call it 'protection.' "

"Quite so. Well, I told them that as a matter of principle, I would pay . . . nothing. They were extremely polite—we shook hands all around—and they took their leave. A few days later something was stolen from the house. I am not going to . . . tell you what it was. The following week—something more—a lawn mower and a wheel from one of the cars. On the first of the month, the same committee came again and made the proposal as though it had never been . . . made before. This time, I accepted. I have always paid them—the rates have gone up several times—and nothing has ever been stolen. Of course, I still put the pictures in the . . . vault when I leave—it doesn't do to offer temptation."

* * *

1948. New York.

There we all sat yesterday, in that elegant, modern room in Margaret Case's Park Avenue apartment, which might have been a page of her Vogue come to life. There is a pattern here, surely. The look of existence, the form, the cast—borrowed back and forth, forth and back from reality to her magazine, from the magazine to reality. I remember Thornton [Wilder] once confessing a weakness for scanning its pages.

"When I die," he said, "I don't want to go to Heaven—I want to go to Vogue!"

* * *

February 3, 1949. New York.

"But the . . . fact is you are very foolish not to have a regular plan of . . . putting aside a certain sum for your use when you are old and unable to work; when your ideas and your energies have diminished; and . . . prosperity is only a memory."

Unnerved by all this, I brush it aside and get on with part of a Joe E. Lewis routine. I tell Maugham how Joe, urged to save at least $10,000 a year for ten years in case of a depression, answers, "Sure. Fine. But then—suppose ten years passes—and suppose there's *no* depression? There am I—stuck with a hundred thousand dollars!"

* * *

1958. St. Jean-Cap Ferrat.

The butler: "What wine, sir?"

WSM: "The Château Margaux, '41. Just a moment." To Ruth, "Are you still off wine?"

Ruth: "Yes."

WSM: (To me) "And you, too?"

Me: "I'm afraid so."

WSM: (To the butler) "Open a half-bottle, then."

The butler: "Yes, sir."

WSM: "I'm not . . . mean, you know, but I am . . . frugal."

* * *

1954. London.

He says, "I'm going to tell you something . . . privately which I can't very well say publicly at the peril of seeming ungrateful or unappreciative or ungracious; and that is that I find this Grand Old Man stuff excessively . . . irksome. I don't in the least feel like a Grand Old Man, but to say so would . . . spoil the fun and I shouldn't like to be a spoilsport. We British are fond of our old people. We like to dress them up and applaud them whether they're kings or queens or prima donnas or painters. If they're old, they're good; like a Stradivarius or an antique—valuable. The French tolerate them—the old, that is—which seems to me more . . . sensible. The Americans ignore them, more sensible still; and some African tribes simply throw them away, which . . . seems to me the most sensible of all. Don't you see how embarrassing it is to have called to attention one's age and at the same . . . time one's infirmities? Mine are not all my . . . fault. I can't help my fading sight, or my poor hearing, or my wrinkled, crocodile skin and I . . . dislike having attention called to any of these things. In point of fact, what old people would like best of all would . . . be to be left alone. But one can't say that. Now, can one?"

* * *

June, 1962. New York.

The details of his [Maugham's] marriage. I have heard, on many occasions, and with only slight variations, this said-to-be-true version: that Syrie was pregnant, came to New York, and asked WSM to marry her. He refused. Edward Sheldon [American dramatist, 1886-1946] sent for him and convinced him to do the right thing. Maugham agreed. A ceremony was held at The Hotel Brevoort, in New York City, Maugham kissed his bride and went off to the South Seas with Gerald Haxton.

But, hold. In WSM's account, he agrees to marry his pregnant girl friend, but can not, since her divorce from Wellcome is not yet final. So he goes to Tahiti (yes, with Gerald Haxton as a secretary-assistant) to research *The Moon and Sixpence.* Upon his return, he leaves Haxton in Chicago, returns to New York, and marries Syrie in New Jersey. Their child is (I can not make it out from his narrative) one or two years old. His chronology is probably accurate. Moreover, if he says they were married in New Jersey, I believe they were. Ethel Barrymore once told us about attending the wedding at The Brevoort—perhaps she meant the reception following. History is tricky, memories grow dim, fact and fancy intermingle.

He once said to me: "My wedding lacked not only . . . sentiment, but what is more important . . . glamour. I remember that immediately before the judge in New Jersey married us he . . . fined a drunk; and immediately after, he fined another."

Time. I hardly knew Syrie, but the Syrie I knew was a quiet, diffident, sweet lady—with great ability in the field (Continued on page 133)

GREAT LEGS. GREAT SHOW



Just a little bit of shimmy, *left*, and as much white crêpe—a haltered bow stops the show. Silk evening dress by Raffaele Leone. About $90. Schreiner earrings. Both, Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also Halle Bros.; Neusteters; Frost Bros. Schiaparelli stockings. Customcraft sandals. *Above:* Greatest clown pyjamas on earth—all of a pink, all of a piece. By Donald Brooks, in Abraham crinkled silk crêpe. About $250. The earrings by Michael Hic. Both, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Pyjamas, also Harzfeld's; Sakowitz. Coiffures on these six pages, by Ara Gallant.







GREAT DASH, day and evening. . . . Off to a running start, *above left,* double-faced coat, double-played colour—vivid purple flung open on turquoise. Scarfed dress and double-breasted coat by Abe Schrader of Ria Herlinger wool loomed in America. About $145. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel. *Above:* Flit-float dress dashing into autumn—cool air, cool colour of blue-sky days to come. By Pat Sandler, in worsted gabardine. About $100. Bonwit Teller; Jacobson's, Michigan. Here and above: Kislav gloves, Best & Co. Prestige stockings. Safinia shoes, Saks Fifth Avenue. *Left:* Another little float—setting out for evening in white brocade. By Gino Charles; acetate and rayon. About $90. Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's. *Right:* Dash of coquetry, dash of innocence—white crêpe smocked small with beads and fringe. Short evening dress by Ben Barrack, in Celanese acetate and Avisco rayon (Onondaga fabric). About $110. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Horne; Gidding-Jenny. Schreiner earrings. Schiaparelli stockings, Customcraft shoes; Lord & Taylor.

AVEDON



GREAT LEGS, GREAT FUN

AVEDON



Thigh's-the-limit kick of silver-and-bronze dazzle stripes. *left.* Floating T-dress by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner: Orlon and Mylar (Litex fabric). Schiaparelli stockings. Both, Bonwit Teller. Dress, also Rich's; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus. Coblentz handbag. *Above:* A Ziegfeld *folie* in white cut-velvet chiffon, white ostrich—all the sexier for long sleeves. Razzle-dress by Geoffrey Beene, in rayon and silk cut-velvet chiffon (Bucol fabric). Swinging rhinestone earrings by Schreiner. Both, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also Halle Bros.; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Silvery stockings by Schiaparelli. Both pages: silver cobra sandals by Customer (ft.



"Certainly longer hair is the trend. Hairdressers today can't think of 'age'—they have to think of a trend and then adapt it."

BEAUTY *bulletin*

10 HAIRDRESSERS' PREDICTIONS ON THE WAY HAIR IS GOING

"Am I still doing a short cut? It's shorter than ever. But it has some surprises, some ways of adding softness."

"I like the shape of the cranium to be implied under the hair, no matter how much there is, or how much hair is added. Maybe that's why I no longer like bangs."

"If a woman likes herself in bangs, she should have her bangs begin much further back so that they're much more full and thick. The trouble with a lot of bangs is they begin too far forward."

"The George Washington peruke? Just because it's been such a sweeping success is no reason to think it's over. The new way to wear it is with the tail turned under; no loose ends flying."

"I have no doubt about it: this will be the year of the braid. Braids are neatening. Never to be used as coronets, however. I like braids instead of a ribbon, or with a ribbon."

"Hairpieces are just now beginning to make real sense to women themselves. Women are much more able to handle hairpieces now."

Speaking above: several different hairdressers. Also quoted from here on in: several more. One who works the London-New York circuit principally; two based in Paris, two in Italy; five whose lairs are in New York but whose ideas in several cases are actually syndicated to various salons across the country. . . . They don't agree, naturally. Hair designers, like fashion designers, don't aim to look like each other. . . . Kenneth. Philosopher of New York hairdressing milieu. "Instead of looking for seasons of hair, look for eras. Hair fashion changes more slowly than people think. After all, hair takes time to grow. We're in an era of longer hair. The thing a hairdresser wants to do is to adapt the longer hair trend for women who don't care to resemble Lolitas." . . . Another Kenneth example of era: hairpieces. After many seasons of hairpieces, now that women are learning to handle their own, the era is making itself felt. . . . George Washington peruke trend expanding from season to era—with backcombing, rats, padding, extra hairpieces. (A Kenneth stipulation for perukes: tail should be turned under.) . . . Generally, small head a good look to work for now. . . . New importance of tidy-up braids (see facing page). . . . While quick effects always have their place, the old school of quality hairdressing is reappearing. Good shampoo plus good rinsing means: a good week out of a good set. . . . Alexandre. This Paris hair man is encouraging all clients to let theirs grow. "The garçonne is dead. So is lacquered look. (Continued next page)

SMALL HEAD, NEAT BRAIDS, NIFTY LITTLE DINNER LOOK

This is the new braid life. Small braids (some of real hair, some not) used to outline and ornament a simple, silky, normal haircut. Note: hair like this never has a bad next day—unlike some of the more contrived edifices you see at a party one evening, and next day see hiding out under a turban at lunch. Hair by Kenneth. Dress, something any woman recognizes as the little dinner look of the hour—the coveredness of it, the small glitter of it, and its total *ease*. By Mollie Parnis, in white silk crêpe. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Dayton's. Gloves by Crescendoe-Superb. . . .

PENN

BEAUTY *bulletin*

10 HAIRDRESSERS' PREDICTIONS ON THE WAY HAIR IS GOING

(Continued from preceding page) Hair very feminine, very long, soft, thick, *flou*. No curls, but maybe mermaid waves. Fewer chignons, more long half-wigs." . . . Carita of Paris. Also says longer, more feminine, loose and moving. Sees a deep back plunge. Vergottini of Milan. Seven magnificent hairdressers and hairpiece-makers considered by a lot of women worth a trip to Milan. Their new "Delta" coiffure, named for the triangular shape of the Greek letter, gives mobility to long or short hair. New angles reach up sharply from the nape to a pointed conclusion at the cheekbone on one side; over one eye to the chin on the other. . . . Alba & Francesca of Rome. This team of hairdressing females specializes in spectaculars. New line: hair tight to the skull with, on the left side, two postiches, one shoulder-length, one four inches longer with curled ends. Attached to back of head on different levels, postiches *must* be worn over shoulder, never down the back. . . . Norbert of New York. Hair darling of a distinguished group of chic women. Sums up personality of each in coiffure. No such thing as a "Norbert look." . . . Although accepting the growing influence of youth ("Sassoon did great things for these kids . . . my compliments to him"), refuses to dress "fifty-year-old as a teenager." . . . Summer hair, long, blowing, floating. Winter, shorter but not *too*. Somewhere between mouth and chin; winter furs and coats demand clear nape. . . . Bangs or whatever depend on individual. If forehead bad feature, soften it with hair. . . . For evening: more pieces. No more dangling curls. (Continued on page 140)



WILLIAM CLAXTON

The specs cut– Sassoon news

You hardly need be told whose handiwork this is. You know it would have to be by Vidal Sassoon, who worked out, among other things, this new eyeglasses haircut for the Mila Schon collection in Rome this season. Oliver Goldsmith, London folk-hero of the specs scene, was his co in this. . . . What else is Vidal Sassoon up to—both in London, and in New York (where he operates under Charles of the Ritz auspices)? "A cut shorter than ever, but with a long side and with a soft nape. Romantic."

One woman's opinion of the way lipstick news should go

Because her proposals always have an understanding, feminine, I'd-wear-it-myself point of view, Eve of Rome (or Roma, properly) is listened to. So when she said recently, "I think red lipstick is coming back," we got nervous; nervous mainly because each time red lipstick has threatened a comeback lately, things haven't worked out quite that way. So, fishing, we queried further: "Red? How red do you mean?" "I mean a fresh, holding, not-red red." . . . Agreeing with us that a soft mouth softens the eyes and a hard mouth does the reverse, Eve went on with the following bit of beauty thought: For all the lipsticks that exist, the mouth is still a neglected area of beauty. Much more *could* be done for it. What ideas had she? These. . . . Massage the mouth at night with a moisturizer or rich cream. Rub with a towel. Apply pomade (she has one she calls Lucid Stick). Once a week, give mouth a facial masque (among her offerings, Fruit Mask is the one for this job). In making up, prepare the mouth for lipstick by using an erasing stick on darkened skin—corners of the mouth, that sort of thing. And to keep lipstick colour from changing on the mouth (the stronger the lipstick, the trickier the trick), she advises specific priming-coat toners under lipstick. . . . Besides wearing Eve's new not-red red shade, "4," the mannequin at right wears a splendid not-navy blue suède coat, part of a dress-and-coat unit, by Tarquin for Samuel Robert. At Bonwit Teller; Gidding-Jenny; Neusteters. Capri earrings. Hair dressed by Ara Gallant. . . .

PENN





THE GLAMOROUS EVENINGS OF CALIFORNIA—
PYJAMAS IN THE SERAGLIO MOOD



From California, glamour country: the marvellous new evening looks here and on the next six pages. Firebird pyjamas, above: Glorious splurge of firebird plumage—red, orange, and purple silk chiffon spilling in languid ruffles from a dolman-sleeved top, seraglio-struck with stacks of bogus jewels. Pyjamas and matching long coat (not shown) by Bud Kilpatrick for Chana Baker. At Evelyn Byrnes; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Ring, bracelets on model's right wrist, by Jack Gilbert. Other jewellery, Apex Art. Flowered pleats, opposite: Delicious pyjamas of glistening chiffon lamé in Persian-garden colours poured from the shoulders, caught in a golden belt, fanning wide over the legs. By Jean Louis; Bianchini silk. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Hattie Carnegie earrings, at Lord & Taylor. Fiorentina shoes. Both pages: stockings by Hudson. Coiffures on all eight pages, by Vittorio d'Italia.

AVEDON



CALIFORNIA EVENINGS—THE SHORT TRANSPARENT FLOAT



Black lace float, above: Black Chantilly lace drifted over a slip of black satin, barely veiling shoulders and arms. By Helga. About $235. Giant shoulder pin by Schreiner. Both at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Julius Garfinckel; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Stockings by Christian Dior. Shoes by Stanley Philipson. Golden float, opposite, of printed chiffon lamé crusted with golden flowers, tied like a scarf at the back of the neck. By Georgia Bullock, of Bianchini silk. About $185. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Woolf Brothers; Sakowitz. Earrings by Hattie Carnegie. Stockings by Hudson. Shoes by Herbert Levine.

AVEDON



Pyjama split, above, of black and white crêpe—wide-sleeved, wide-legged, with a wide turtleneck dipped at the front. By Cassandra, of Celanese acetate and Avisco rayon (Onondaga fabric). About $160. At Bergdorf Goodman; Bramson; Montaldo's; Sakowitz. Herbert Levine shoes. The asymmetric toga dress, opposite: Dark bottle-green wool crêpe slanted over a narrow shaft of white silk crêpe. By Gustave Tassell; Lesur wool and Abraham silk. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Rich's; I. Magnin. Fiorentina shoes. Both pages: Hattie Carnegie earrings, Lord & Taylor.



AVEDON

CALIFORNIA EVENINGS—THE SHORT SPANGLED DRESS FOR DANCING



Spangled stripes, above: green and pink sequins stripe a little wool tube hung short and straight from the shoulders. By Gene Shelly. About $125. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neusteters; Battelstein's. Evins shoes. Rainbow stripes, opposite, spangled up and down aubergine wool crêpe—a short, shimmery dancing dress extended slightly over the shoulders. By Charles Cooper. About $250. At Altman's; Halle Bros.; Bramson; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Flowered stockings by Mary Grey. Sandals by Fiorentina.

AVEDON





On these eight pages—all from the tailor's hand—clothes that turn the season, change the scene from summer to autumn with the smooth click of a revolving stage. Double-faced coat cut to swing, above: Tiny checks of camel-beige and cream cashmere, cream cashmere facing; narrow raglan-sleeved top, a wide hemline blowing in the wind. By Country Tweeds. About $200. Bergdorf Goodman. Lilly Daché hat. Kislav gloves. Coat-and-dress turnout, right: Quick fashion-power for the first cool days, in bright, strong blue. A narrow double-breasted coat, squared-off collar, over a slim matching dress. By Handmacher, in wool; about $125. At Altman's; L. L. Berger; Halle Bros.; Harzfeld's. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Trifari earrings. Stockings by Stevens Finesse. Hat by Emme. Double-faced suit plus plaid, far right: Smashingly tailored red jacket and skirt, facing and overblouse of red-and-white plaid. By Frechtel, of Orlon and worsted (Litex fabric). Oatmeal bouclé stockings by Mary Quant for Bonnie Doon. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Mr. Arnold hat. All at Lord & Taylor. Suit: Bramson; Harold's; I. Magnin. All eight pages: Coiffures by Ara Gallant. Hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses.

tailored looks



that turn the season



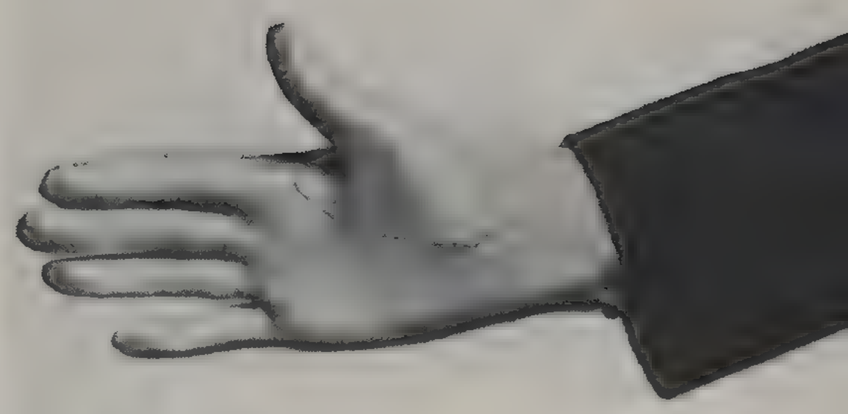


Oxford-grey coat, left, with shaped top, wide skirt. By William Popper, of Anglo wool loomed in America. About $190 at Lord & Taylor; Harold's; Montaldo's. Earrings by Napier, at Lord & Taylor. Christian Dior textured stockings; at Bloomingdale's. Tattersall collar and cuffs, above, on a belted coat of charcoal wool, double-faced with grey-and-white plaid. By Paris Sophisticates; about $75 at Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop. Berkshire stockings. The total success of checks, opposite, in big grey-and-white hound's-teeth, on a narrow reefer of wool, mohair and Orlon, over an all-grey wool flannel dress. Bardley by Abbe Rabiner; about $125 at Best & Co.; Jacobson's, Michigan; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Napier earrings: at Best & Co. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Emily Wetherby scarf. Stockings by Prestige. Both pages: Lilly Daché hats.

GUY BOURDIN

coats
that turn
the season





coats *that turn the season*

Cover-the-knee coat, left: New hemline proportion for knee-baring skirts—giant window-pane checks drawn in charcoal on camel wool, lightly held by a martingale in back. By Davidow. About $190. Grandoe gloves. Van S bracelet. Castlecliff earrings. Berkshire stockings. All: Altman's. Coat: Wanamaker's, Phila.; Halle Bros.; I. Magnin.

Brass-buttoned navy wool, near right: The shaped coat snugged high under the arms, narrow through the rib-cage, wide at the hem. By Shagmoor, of diagonal-surfaced wool. About $85. Trifari earrings. Grandoe gloves. All: Altman's. Coat: Hudson's; Famous-Barr. Ariadne stockings. Herbert Levine shoes. White lamb hat: Lilly Daché.

The back-belted coat, above right: White herringboned wool fleece with a narrow track of gilt buttons in front. By Briarbrook, of Forstmann wool. About $90. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's. Grandoe gloves. White stockings: Adler.

GUY BOURDIN



VOGUE
PATTERNS

Total success—the look of a navy-blue Melton coat brass-buttoned over its own perfect little white twill dress. . . . The little white dress, near right, of crisp wool twill—lightly shaped bodice extended over the shoulders, skimming to a wide hem above white fishnet knee-socks cuffed in navy blue. Van S cuff bangles, at Altman's. The brass-buttoned navy-blue coat, far right: heavy wool Melton starting small at the shoulders, wide at the hem. Dress and coat, Vogue Pattern 6916, of Forstmann wools. Fabrics at Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Frost Bros. Lilly Daché cap. Napier earrings: Bloomingdale's. Both pages: Solar knee-socks of Lycra, at Lord & Taylor; Kislav gloves, at Best & Co. Stores for fabrics, details, on page 28.

the
turnout
that turns the season– navy over white

VOGUE PATTERN 6916

GUY BOURDIN





GYPSY, GYPSY, GYPSY, WHERE ARE YOU?

BY NICCOLÒ TUCCI

My friend the X of Y (I promised him top secrecy, so not even his title may be mentioned) is the typical Spaniard. If you ask him some factual information, he will never give it to you, either because he is not interested in it himself and why should he bother, or because he is, and then he will see to it that you get something else, and you better be grateful to him for understanding your own wishes so well. Yet at times even he may be right.

I happen to be studying the roots of rootlessness in pretechnical times, and when I heard that the purest strain of ambulant gypsies was to be found in the Estremadura, I made the mistake of asking him where I could find them.

I knew where to find him: at Huntsman & Sons, the London tailor. And indeed there he was, trying hard to decide whether he needed seven new suits or not. "Don't go to Spain," he said. "Go to Siena."

"Why, is that where the Estremadura gypsies come from?"

"Not at all, but Siena is the jewel of all mediaeval and Renaissance cities, and there you can also study the origins of Italian music at the library of the Accademia Chigiana."

"Look, I asked about the Estremadura gypsies."

"You still don't go to Spain. Come to the Connaught tomorrow for lunch.'

"Do they have Spanish gypsies there?"

"Yes, me. I am not from the Estremadura, but I am a gypsy."

"I don't follow you."

"It would be difficult. I am separated from the modern world by twenty-five titles and as many chapters in Spanish history. I am one of the few who have the right to be buried in the main altar of twenty-five cathedrals simultaneously, yet I don't have the right to live in one place without being disturbed by transistor radios, publicity, and now sociologists like you. I walk through history like the gypsies through my countryside."

Instead of going to get more of that nonsense, I went straight to Madrid, which was so full that I found room only in the most expensive hotel. Everybody introduced me to the fashionable gypsies in show business, and these all said that they alone were the true gypsies. The Estremadura gypsies did not exist. I found a First Reader for Spanish schoolchildren with a picture of gypsies in a wagon and the caption: "These are Gypsies. They don't work, they don't wash. We don't like Gypsies." And I located an American boy who had found them, had travelled with them, and all he had to report was that indeed they were dirty. "I could have told you that in London," said (Continued on next page)

THE ESTREMADURA GYPSIES BY PENN

Here, and on the following pages, are rare photographs by Irving Penn of the gypsies of Spain's Estremadura province. Hard to find, tucked away in the smallest villages, these gypsies live a primitive life. The family on the opposite page is on the way to the horse fair, where the gaunt and ravaged grandfather, with whip around his shoulders, will sell a donkey, a mule, or a worn horse.

Continued

GYPSY, GYPSY

the X of Y when he heard this. "As for this book, it proves that we do love the gypsies or it would never have had to be written. It was written by policemen, for future policemen. But then also for the rest of us, because, when we want something to be known, we wrap it in a denial and everybody, except for the fools who believe in what is printed, knows what we mean. Instead of freedom of expression, we have freedom of impression."

"True, but what is the function of the printed word?"

"How can you read between the lines if no one writes them?"

This way of turning every question into a paradox, with the dexterity of an artist who arranges ribbons into baroque designs, is what separates the Spaniard from the life of his country and makes him into a gypsy of some sort. To insist with ideas is like undoing his little work of art. The thing to do would be to answer his paradox with a still cleverer paradox. I made it clear to my friend that his little games of words were beginning to get on my nerves.

"All right," he said, "you win. I'll help you find your gypsies. Go see my friend Angel Peralta."

"Is he a gypsy?"

"Of course not, and he is not even from the Estremadura. He is pure Andaluz, our greatest *rejoneador,* a torero on horseback. And he attends every important horse show in Europe and in America."

"But my gypsies don't have horses, or, if they have them, they are the skinniest, ugliest horses ever seen, horses that can hardly walk unattended, let alone attend horse shows themselves."

One more reason to see the horses of their dreams. For the soul of the gypsies never stays with the dirt your American friend here took such trouble to discover. It takes refuge in Andalusia, and there alone you will find it. Go see Peralta, then see Antonio Mairema, our greatest flamenco singer."

"But my gypsies don't even dance or sing. They are not amusing or entertaining at all."

"If you think that the gypsies of Seville are entertaining or amusing, you are greatly mistaken. Gypsies are never entertaining, never amusing. It is they who must be amused and entertained, or they won't dance and sing at all. Recently, they refused to sing for the Duke of Windsor, much to his host's embarrassment.

"A gypsy soul is also a nomad, it stays with the audience. The moment it returns to him, amused, he goes into a religious frenzy of gratitude: It is a true form of communion. We have some very great gypsy toreros, but they are very uneven. The moment the bull does not amuse them, they become frightened, but this is not a sign of cowardice, because their daring is incredible. Spontaneity is their only guarantee of survival, the only thing they carry under their dirty clothes and unwashed skins, or in their covered wagons. When they stampede, they become horses. Or bulls.

"Back in the Middle Ages, when princes and ambassadors were truly fabulous, the gypsies often were received as princes and ambassadors. They counterfeited Papal Bulls and Imperial Patents, but especially the nobles with unequalled dexterity and success. Poetry is a reality grown on our hunger for reality. The model stays inside us, like the cast for a bronze statue, and poetry is the bronze. It fills the void reality refused to fill. The horse, you see, is the only dancing animal, the only bird that sings with its feet, also the only flying mythological animal. Lions with wings are never seen in flight. Pegasus is. And don't forget another thing: The horse gave us the dance, the drum, and the dream.

"Now, as for the flamenco or *canto gitano,* it was there in its purest form even before the horses invented the drum. It is related to the Songs of David, to Gregorian chants, and to Arabic music. When they tell you that flamenco is not written, this is a lie. It is not written on music paper, but it is written on silence. Pure, prehistoric silence, with only the noises of nature as background noises to the immense solitude of man. Then this silence was mounted on horseback, and you had the cavalcade, the stampede, the storm of hooves on the deserted plains. All of these noises slowly began to follow the song. But they were produced by hand, because you must sing in *one* place, and the horses and bulls gallop only to leave. Thus the clapping of the hands became the first musical instrument. Then came the guitar, but it has already invaded the sacred field of *canto hondo,* or deep song.

"The guitar is a machine, don't forget. And now comes the electric guitar, which I call the electric storm, and it will soon disperse and strike with lightning the holy temple of Andalusian music. When Columbus discovered the New Continent, the gypsies, by gracious act of the same queen who had financed America, were allowed to come here and discovered the Continent of Song, the Nirvana of their souls, and that is where their dreams are deposited. They brought to it their own brand of sadness, and prevented that music from dying, that is, from being codified as it was with the bel canto in Italy. Italian music, by the mere fact of being written, became the final version of that same ancient stream and drained the country of its popular sources of song, which in Spain, thanks to the gypsies, are still very much alive. The same thing must have happened with Homer's poetry: The moment it was written, it became final, therefore finished. No one dared add to it any more. In fact, if you dare be inspired by music that is written, you are either prosecuted as a plagiarist or ridiculed as a base imitator. And in both cases you are guilty of not being *original.* To be original, you must write something that the customs officials of genius, namely the critics, declare as new, which means that, with your music, the other one is finished. *There has been progress,* they say, whatever this may mean. With flamenco, as with all unwritten music, the opposite is true: *If you don't imitate, you can not be original.* Because the originality takes place within a given scaffolding which is always the same more or less. But as long as the first note is not heard, originality does not exist. Everyone brings his own, and is judged afterwards. And when he dies, the critics may die with him. They have nothing to feed on. Thank God *there is no progress!* How about an original critic for a change?"

"Yes, but the Estremadura gypsies. . . ."

"Never mind. What you want to do is compare cultural music with so-called popular music throughout history. You have a parallel situation between Byzantine mosaics and ivory statuettes of the same epoch. Mosaic art was popular art, made with refuse, with bits of glass, with pebbles,

and for popular consumption. Ivory was the expensive, homogeneous element that revealed and enhanced every possible bravura in the sculptor. It was kept under glass, or in velvet even then, while mosaics were exposed to the weather, and only from a distance did they make sense as recognizable forms. Opera or the songs of Scarlatti can not be sung in the fields. Flamenco instead is outdoor music, if there ever was any. Dirty as the skin of the gypsies and with no hope for an audience other than that of gypsies with the same pain in their hearts."

"But I am not a musicologist, and besides, the Estremadura gypsies. . . ."

"I understand you. Here is what you do: Compare the flamenco with the film. In the film you have optical action and sound track with background music, to make the action more . . . active. But it is really action-music, it makes you feel the emotions even before the thing happens, and the action is optical message."

"I want to study the Estremadura gypsies."

"Right. In that case remember: The gypsy has one enemy in Spain, a traditional enemy to whom many of his saddest songs are dedicated: the *jeres* (in the old *caló,* or gypsy language) or, in our language, the *guardia civil.* They hate the gypsy because the gypsy is amused, and nothing can amuse them but to see people bored or frightened. When they catch gypsy women stealing, they shave their heads, knowing that this is the greatest tragedy for them. Of course policemen can not sing, they can not dance, let alone captivate the souls of the free. All they can do is put the gypsy in jail, where he belongs, like a king on his throne, because it is from there that he dictates, knights, and conquers. Can the police liberate such a man? Not any more than the Romans could have liberated Christ from His tomb after killing Him. You can not kill the Spirit, and you can not give life to the Spirit."

"Thank you for a very interesting theory," I said, "but I still want an objective opinion I alone can form on the spot."

"But this is an objective opinion, and you insist on a subjective one. Do you really want the *facts*?"

"I have been trying to get them from you for weeks. . . ."

"All right, so here are your facts: They are dirty and they steal! Leave them alone! You can only bring them harm, either at the hands of the police, or of the police's new master: the tourist, who is by definition right, because he brings dollars and takes out souvenirs and local-colour documentaries or snapshots. The filthy and thieving gypsy is *in* because he is *so* out, the poor dear! You are going to make him into an image of himself, and that will be the end of him!"

"I hope not, but I do have a commitment. . . ."

"You and your commitments! You are no help, I give you up!"

"Wait a moment," I shouted, "this is for me to say! *You* are no help and I am giving *you* up!"

But he had stolen my last words and left, like a gypsy

Luckily, the same day, I found an American woman, married to a Spaniard, who knew the Estremadura very well and who, in fifteen minutes, gave me all the information I needed, including a letter to the owner of a bar in Trujillo, asking him to find me an inexpensive room on the main square.

The next morning at seven I took the bus in a state of elation, because the air was so good, and the birds whistling so joyously. But we had our own bus birds: a radio turned on full blast, and our own bus air: a mixture of cheap perfumes, insecticides, linoleum, gas fumes, and chicken I had a black veil with black glasses on my left and a white hen at ten inches from my nose, staring at me from behind the fissures of a basket. On my right, a yellow face with black glasses. She of the black veil was a widow, he a widower, each on his own desperate rights had agreed silently on this: that the outside world was not worth seeing and my impertinent attempts at catching glimpses of it through their windows must not be tolerated.

But the curtains refused to stay down, so they both had to hold them down, and I did get illegal glimpses of snowy peaks, yellow fields, red and blue flowers, roofs repeating in corrugated tiles the pattern of soft furrows in the red soil, with hardly a greyish wall showing under the tiles. Huge cathedrals and low huts: the usual Spanish pattern. No trees except in spots, huddling together in their flight from man; ruins of castles encrusting the top of a hill, with the edges worn off, to make them look like hills again: the echo of a proud architecture losing itself into the silence of the earth.

A strong landscape, but how weak, at the same time; a milestone painted white could break its harmony for dozens of square miles.

In front of us, the most beautiful landscape was being eaten up by the conquering bus. The mountains turned on their underground pivots, but were always thrown aside, before they could come close enough to reveal what had been hidden by the haze and the glare at a distance.

We stopped so many times, but always at the same place, which was not even in Spain, but anywhere in the whole world: gasoline stations. At one of these stations two uniformed guards, with their military odours and their black hats made up of bent phonograph records, boarded the bus and blocked the view. I could not study their green uniforms, their leather belts, their angry faces Goya would have painted in the act of shooting rebels. Suddenly, a loud screech of the brakes, the driver lost control, bundles fell on our heads, both the widow and the widower took an interest in life again, pebbles machine-gunned the bottom of the bus, but we regained our balance and came to a stop at a few inches from a telegraph pole. "Damn gypsies!" shouted the driver, as he jumped out of the bus, followed by the two policemen.

But instead of looking for the gypsies, the three of them disappeared in the fields, behind a straw hut. I got out into the clean air and onto the hot blue asphalt road and saw in the distance behind us a beautiful red toy, looking like a princely coach in fairy-tale books, pulled not by two fiery white horses, but by one thin black thing on legs, that could only have been a horse by exclusion of all other zoological alternatives, and, in front of the horse, a black woman with a red kerchief over her head, pulling the horse at the end of a long rope.

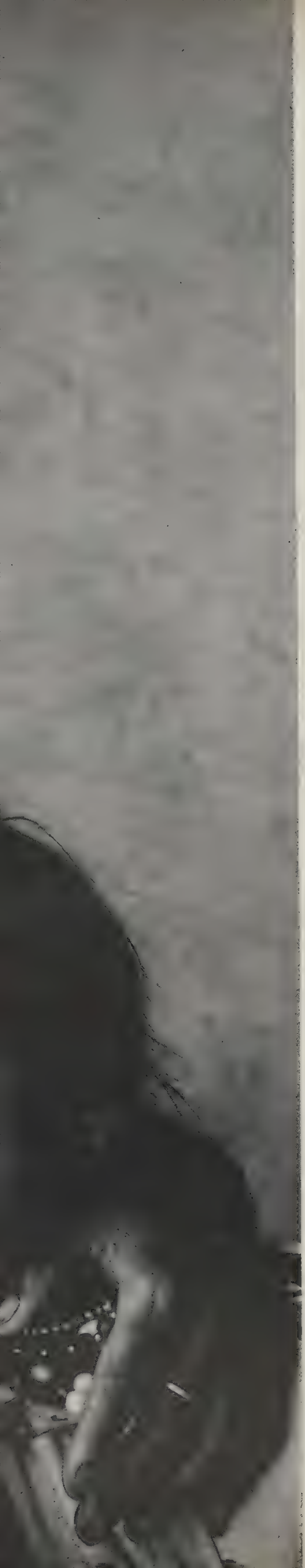
In the coach, a white feather bed with a man, wearing a black hat. Under the coach, a very beautiful greyhound, trotting head down, as if in resignation. "If we were not in such a hurry," said one of the policemen coming back from the fields, "it would be fun to teach them a lesson." This was enough to make me climb back on the bus, but when I tried to get at least a last glimpse at the gypsies from the back window, everyone laughed at me, and soon enough, another landscape was behind us.

We saw Trujillo way ahead of us: a beautiful mediaeval town with ramparts and a tower, on the top of a hill. But the bus stopped, again at a gas station, and before I knew it, I saw my (Continued on page 121)

THE YOUNGEST AND HANDSOMEST









suitcases on the road and I was told that I must leave. In vain did I try to explain to the driver that my destination was the town itself.

"This is Trujillo," he said. "And this is where you want to go. Tourist hotel. Hot water. Telephone. All modern comfort." And he slammed the bus door shut, leaving in a cloud of gas exhaust and dust.

It took me a few minutes to realize the extent of my abandonment, then a whole hour to find someone who would carry my belongings all the way up to the town. No one seemed to understand why I did not appreciate the "American character" of the tourist hotel, and why I wouldn't at least give (Continued on page 124)

"MARVELLOUS FACES, UNTOUCHED MINDS"

These gypsy women have no cord to the world outside the tribe. The gypsy children are not registered at birth, never go to school, rarely do military service. If the Estremadura gypsies need a doctor, they demand service, would not think of paying.

PENN



THE AROMA OF GYPSY STEW IN THE AIR

Each family camps under its own tree—early in the morning, father and son starting the breakfast fire.



it a chance to offer me exactly the same service I was used to in America. And the young man I found was so much part of the public-relations barrage that, after less than one quarter of a mile, I found myself carrying my heaviest suitcase, because he was completely out of breath; and, since he insisted on talking, this made it easier for him, but not for me.

Yet, for all the disappointment and the physical pain, I felt that muscular fatigue was better than the treacherous comfort of that bus on which my back had suffered almost incurable injury, and my soul had been kept as distant from the landscape as if I had been circling the earth in a space suit. I panted and I stumbled on stones, and perspira- (Continued on page 137)

"THE MAN IS THE BOSS"

These women, with their children, prefer to give the impression that the man acts the boss but in truth the women manipulate the situation. These gypsies are quite unlike the city gypsies of Granada or Seville.







"FIESTA MORNING" *A big gypsy family in the first morning light after sunrise getting ready for a fiesta at Arroyo de la Luz. The dog is a Galgo.*





A VERY GOOD DRINK: THE BEAUTY PART

As a good packager—or any bright woman—knows, what goes outside announces and defines what goes inside. Although these bottles and glasses are beautiful enough just to Stand There, they have a certain sense to them. An on-scene drinks table for quick and effortless serving has become the beauty part of something cold after golf or the theatre, something warming after skiing or a meeting as hollow as a yawn. Something good-looking should hold that something at hand. The silver-necked decanters with hinged silver tops on the left page are pale-green glass, suggest wine —but could hold liquor ($45 each, Jansen Shop). The bottles on this page, of clear crystal with star-cut bases and silver collars with silver-roped tops, suggest liquor—or brandy, sherry—but could hold wine ($75 each, at Rigaud Boutique). When it comes to serving, some people prefer any drink, including beer, on the stem. On the left page: some of the most beautiful stems this side of a tulip field. These French crystal goblets from Baccarat range, by size, from $9.50 to $19.50 apiece. For other people who like a glass plunked in the hand even for wine, the Finnish crystal tumblers on this page are from $1.40 to $2 apiece at Bonnier's. Both sets are as thin as dreams and as verberant as bells. Who says the touch doesn't make the taste better?

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

M—M—M—M—M—Minnie! where did you get that skirt? It might have been in the South of France . . . it *must* have been in London . . . maybe it was even in New York. . . . Anyway it's the ***Mini-skirt***—the snippiest bit of fashion you can wear today. Just one snatch of fabric—one foot from hipbone to hem (which is six inches up from the knee). The mini-skirt is standard gear in London now . . . one renowned Midwestern roué returned from a recent London bout dazed on the subject—he just keeps smiling this secret smile and murmuring, "mini-mini-mini skirt." From Paris comes this little dewdrop: "I bought a mini-skirt in London—it was marvellous coming through Le Bourget customs. They never looked at the luggage." . . . And from that Côte d'Azur pleasure pot, St. Tropez, the report is "mini by day, mini by night—particularly effective above the brown legs, bare feet, stomping it out in the new discothèque Voom, Voom, Soom, Soom, Boom, Boom." . . . In New York Betsey Johnson's mini-skirts in stop-the-traffic red or yellow cotton jersey ($9 a throw), are walking out of Paraphernalia, 795 Madison Avenue. Who ever said fashion couldn't go one step further—up? . . . ***Now, we all know the famous Jax double jersey T-Shirt***—the one that's so classic it's been paid the compliment of being knocked off, and knocked off, and then some. . . . Well there's a new version ready and waiting; now sleeved to the wrist, U'd out at the neckline. $35. Jax, 7 West 57th Street. . . . Incidentally Jax is about to launch into the cosmetic world: lipstick, eyelashes, the whole bit. More about that later. . . . ***But what's the goods?*** That's what they're asking after they've peered through the window, then swung open the door of T. Jones's new West 57th Street boutique. The object in question: one of those incomparable T. Jones shifts: simple, sleeveless, high-necked, vaguely flared. And made of the most scrumptious woollen—light as a cloud, and rippled all over as if from rifts of wind. The fabric is from Anglo, and only the T. Jones folk have it. $55. Scrumptious colours, too . . . lacquer-red, sky-blue, parrot-yellow. T. Jones, 15 West 57th Street. . . . ***It's so pretty it's worth a step in, even if you haven't in mind to buy a thing.*** Because it's what you're stepping on—a series of the most beautiful floors—all flowered, either by red and creamy carpet, or by delicate, Botticelli-type gardens, painted on the wood. Naturally it's a shoe boutique—and it just is maybe the prettiest boutique in town. Pappagallo, 11 East 54th Street. Clothes here, too—emphasis on shifty pyjamas, or dresses; Mexicanalia—peasanty fabrics, smocking, etc. . . . ***The door is just about open. And coming through the door now***—Tiger Morse, back with us again! This time she's got just a teeny-weeny boîte (fourteen feet by sixteen feet). But oh, my, is it packed with Tiger's terror! The ceiling's a pyramid of mirrors—walls are bricks of mirrors. Ricocheting around in all this are typical Tiger-ish togs, only made of man-made fabrics like vinyl, or Mylar (the silver stuff), or sequins (which are really coated paper). . . . It's all happening at 922 Madison Avenue. . . .



DAVID BAILEY

Paris: There are no raindrops on Mrs. Bailey. That's because the beautiful Catherine Deneuve found the most *superbe* of all raincoats—promptly bought one for herself, her photographer husband David, several more for friends. Actually it's clipped precisely for sitting on a horse, deep vent back. But what a swaggering cut! What a good gutsy fabric—coal-black gabardine twill . . . $46. Newmarket Boutique, rue de Penthièvre.

"I know they're meant for the boys, but I want them." That's what the ladies are declaring after previewing J. C. Penney's first men's-wear collection designed by London's John Michael. The look is super, slim, sexy; well, well cut hipsters in Tattersall tweeds, honey-brown corduroy. . . . Jackets a dream of narrow, nifty tailoring—longish, neat square shoulders, nipped a bit in the rib cage. And oh boy! those caps—and camel's-hair mufflers! . . . Most of the pants are $17. The jackets around $35. Of course you'll have to go to the men's department of J. C. Penney's 1,700 stores across the country. . . . ***The carryings-on in Bloomingdale's basement!*** The lower level, which has always been a plum pudding of goodie fashions, is changing its name—every one of its boutiques will now be called the this or that "Lexington Shop." Then the superb shoe boutique has powed out in all directions—is now a decorator's pale-green chic, chic dream. And now there is the fun-fur boutique. . . . And an Army, Navy gear boutique. . . . And a new nifty knit boutique. And no end to the changes in sight. . . . Bloomingdale's, Lexington Shops—down the stairs at 59th Street and Lexington Avenue. . . .

Paris: "Doctor, will it tickle?" "The face masque, I mean." The answer, of course, is no—it will only keep you cosy and warm when winter comes. That's why the clever designers at Dorothée Bis stole the idea from the operating room and made up a helmet that pulls on like a sock. In luscious primrose and violet wool jersey. About $5.50. Matching muffler, $5.50. At Dorothée Bis's newest boutique, rue Marbeuf. . . .



CATERINE MILINAIRE

Paris: The uniform in the street this hot summer is a shrunken Shetland sweater with round neck and long sleeves (best if Fair Isle), in a wide range of pastel colours (peach, lilac, primrose), and a kilt or stitched flat pleats from "Gudule" or "The Knack." The way to wear them is with the navel showing; not much, but just enough to show that your sweater has been bought specially for this.

Just dial 516 IV 3-1208, and ask for Mrs. LaRoche. That's the way to get a caftan. It's actually the most attractive sort of moonlighting. Mrs. LaRoche is a Rosie-the-Riveter defense factory worker by day. After hours she contacts her network of agents in Morocco, Pakistan, Turkey, Greece . . . arranges for the arrival of beautiful handmade caftans, saris, trinkety earrings, all of which she resells for the most modest of fees, i.e., a glowing gold-embroidered caftan is $80; six yards of sari, and the instructions for wrapping, $45. . . . ***This is the way the mail is running at the U.N. this summer—*** at least a surprisingly solid segment of it. Everybody wants to be a secret agent. Teen-agers, male and female—especially the latter, are offering their services, stating their qualifications, attesting to their honesty, integrity. Hmmmmmmmm. . . . ***Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Jr., and his prep school pals are moving on.*** August 1 Vogue reported on their hippy group, "The Four Fifths," playing engagements on vacation time. Now they've just been signed by Columbia Records, are cutting a disc of author Vanderbilt's, "Have You Ever Loved a Girl." . . .

The pants tailleur: today the look of Paris—tomorrow the world.





It started with Courrèges, with Norell, with the little London girls—now it's the look of Tout Paris and one of the best anywhere in the world. Mercedes Tzankoff, above, comes from Munich, put together her pants tailleur where she lives, in Paris. The pants, the immaculate back-belted blazer, cut from the finest Shetland wool, heathery green. $90. The cap pulled on with the snap, the *accent aigu* only Paris can impart. . . . From boutique Davis, on the rue Tronchet. . . .

JACK ROBINSON

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*



Southampton: The saga of a sunny Saturday afternoon stroll down the street and some leisurely drop-in-and-out visits with the charming Jobs Lane boutiques. . . . Everything is so clean, so green, so easy, so neighbourly along Southampton's shopping lane. . . . This day, Chessie Rayner (top above) stopped to have an ice cream cone outside the Act IV soda fountain with Susan Burden, watching the passing parade. . . . Then zigzag across the lane (above, top right), to visit Lilly Pulitzer's little box of a boutique (it's tucked in back of Jeremiah Inc.—the antiquaire-boutique for the well-chosen object). Lots of Lillys—a Southampton uniform—here naturally. And this summer matching Lilly-fabric slip-in sandals, too. . . . Jay-walking back across Jobs Lane to make the "must" drop-in at Caldwell Alexander's (above, left). Who can resist potting and plowing through the jam-pack of pretty linens, lamps, pillows, plates, chairs, tables, and what-have-you that stuff his shop. . . . Now hark! Where are those beeps of "rock-rock-rock" coming from? From the hottest, and newest boutique to hit Southampton, the latest outpost of Paraphernalia (above, centre). Follow the sound into the pitch black lit up by a couple of spotlights and a grand, shiny-chrome jukebox. All the usual Paraphernalia yummies here, including the jersey cut-out T-shirt Chessie bought. . . . Retreat to the street, stroll up to Jax (above centre, right) to inspect all the crispy dimity dresses, the starchy white crochet sweaters. . . . And then on to the wide-open spaces of Tapemeasure (above, right) where the sharpy culottes and pyjamas come from . . . and then around the corner to Main Street, to Saks; to Silver's Cigar Store where, along with the magazines, they peddle Shetland sweaters, jeans. . . .



London: New flick in the making by the famous Antonioni (his first in the English language) will record the London fashion scene "a jaded fashion photographer, the dolly girls, pop groups, beat clubs, models"—Jocelyn Rickards designing costumes.

JOHN COWAN

St. Tropez: Mummmm for the mini-skirt! It's being worn all over the place—on the beach, in the bars, the boîtes . . . it's even replacing the classic pants, and "minis are cooler, easier." The boutique, Café des Arts, is jumping with minis—typical: this one in sponge cloth. About $24.



ORATOR WOODWARD

Mr. Maugham

(Continued from page 87)

of interior decoration. In WSM's account we get a wild gadabout, breaking homes and hearts and causing havoc simply by being a dazzling demirep.

Before one weeps over the picture of the betrayed girl in trouble—it is well to remember that Syrie was thirty-seven when they were married. The drama was entirely adult.

* * *

July, 1962. New York.

This is how *he* told the famous anecdote about his daughter Liza.

"Liza came down here with John a while ago. They had an idea—rather brilliant, actually—of how to avoid excessive . . . death duties. I like John. He's not only intelligent, but wise. The scheme involved . . . turning over much of my estate now. I would retain use of it, you see, but legal provision would have been made for its . . . transfer. I declined. And when Liza asked, 'But why won't you, Pa?' I said, 'Because, my dear, I have . . . read *King Lear*.' We all had a good laugh over that."

* * *

1951. St. Jean-Cap Ferrat.

He says, "I can imagine a sharp little story about a man and woman . . . deeply in love who come to a bitter end of their relationship because she eats . . . swiftly and he eats . . . slowly."

"I'd like to read it. Why don't you write it?"

"I no longer write . . . short stories," he replies. "I am now the . . . well-known essayist."

"How about an essay, then, on the subject?"

He brightens. "One could do a good one, you know. The various rhythms in which people . . . behave most certainly affect compatibility. Nothing is more irritating than someone at your side, walking either too swiftly or too slowly, as the . . . case may be. And the differences in the rhythm of card playing may be the worst of all. All of us who play have been . . . maddened sometimes by slow players. I, for my part, refuse to take part in games with slowpokes. And when it comes to the rhythm of physical . . . contact or of love making, I suppose an adjustment of the rhythm makes for successful relationships, and a . . . failure to adjust makes for unsuccessful ones."

He goes on for some time on this subject, warming to it. "Rhythm, I suppose, is the . . . major element in the organization of the universe. Think of the rhythm of the . . . seasons, of one's heartbeat. Consider that almost every object is rhythmic in the sense that it is a repetition of a . . . pattern. Your face, for example. If I put a line down the . . . middle of it, I have a half which is then . . . repeated for the other half.

"Most beautiful trees are . . . symmetrical. And flowers. And animals. And art objects. The heartbeat, rhythmic. And I . . . gather it's what makes poetry so . . . passionate, and music so moving. From this, it's only a short . . . bridge to form. One might call a non-rhythmic thing lacking in form. All the words surrounding this idea . . . mean the same thing in the end, don't they? Rhythm. Form. Tempo. Pace. Organization. Balance. Form. That, I suppose, has been the major preoccupation of my life. Form."

* * *

"1951. St. Jean-Cap Ferrat.

"I'm going to do my . . . dive now. Watch me."

He makes his way to the high board.

Alan tells us WSM does this dive once every day and adds, "I wish he wouldn't."

WSM stands, poised, at the edge of the board. I can not resist the temptation, grab up the Polaroid, set it, and train it on the little phenomenon up there.

He dives. When he is midway to the water—I click. He hits the water, hard, surfaces, swims to the side, hoists himself out of the water and sits on the pool's ledge for a few minutes, recovering. Meanwhile, I time the exposure and tear off the finished picture. It is surprisingly good and clear. A diver in midair.

He starts toward us. I pocket the picture and stash the camera.

He sits down with us and asks, "Well, how did I look?"

The cue is irresistible. I take the picture from my pocket and hand it to him.

"Like this," I say.

Alan looks worried, Ruth disapproving. (She told me later she thought we were about to be asked to leave.)

He studies the photograph carefully for a long minute.

Then he says, "My knees are crooked."

No comment about the wonder of this new camera, no reaction to having been caught unawares.

"They are?" I ask.

"Look here."

We study the print together.

He tears it in two, rises, and says, "I'd better do it again for you. Are you ready?"

He climbs to the top again, shouts down, "Now?" waits until I reply, "Yes!"—and dives again. I make a second shot.

This time he does not rest on the ledge, but comes directly out of the pool and begins to walk toward me swiftly. He reaches me before I have the damned picture out. He stands beside me, dripping, waiting. I just know it is going to be a spoiled one or a blur or a smudge or something. Will he do it a third time? Will he kill himself and will it be my stupid fault? The picture comes out and it is all right. It is improved photographically and the dive is arrow-like.

He takes it, peers at it briefly and says, "Yes. Much better."

He hands the picture back to me (his interest in it is ended) and says, "Come along. Tea at four-fifteen."

He picks up his robe—a sort of kimono—and moves as he puts it on. By the time we reach the top of the stairway, he is gone. I have to keep reminding myself that this man is nearing eighty.

* * *

1948. New York.

Maugham carefully explained that he rises at eight o'clock every morning—no matter where he is—has his breakfast and so on, and at nine o'clock sits down and writes for four hours.

Ruth: "Now, wait, Willie. Do you mean to say that no matter what time you go to bed, you get up at eight?"

WSM: "Yes."

Ruth: "But don't you feel tired sometimes?"

A pause.

WSM: "No."

Moss Hart: "But what about those days when you simply don't feel like it?"

WSM: "If you live by your . . . pen, my boy, you can't afford such days."

Sam Behrman: "To hell with feel like it—what if you can't *think* of anything?"

WSM: "Oh, to be sure, that happens often. When it does, I sit there and . . . write 'W. Somerset Maugham' over and over and over again until something comes."

* * *

1948. New York.

I say, "But I've heard it said you think your things out pretty thoroughly before beginning to write."

"Quite untrue. Oh, I may have some notion as to characters and form and theme, but only in a vague and . . . most ephemeral sense. And ever subject to change. I've had . . . men turn into women in my . . . fingers, dramas become comedies, short stories become . . . novellas and novellas become . . . novels. And novels become . . . nothing. I surprise myself . . . constantly. That's what makes my . . . work so amusing—to me at any rate. The element of self . . . surprise. It's how I can . . . continue to do what I do without going round the bend. Mind you, I'm . . . speaking entirely for myself. I don't think one can make . . . general rules about writing any more than one can make them about the practices of . . . love making. What suits one might make another extremely . . . uncomfortable. Even unhappy. We must all . . . find our own way. I, for one, am still in the . . . process of finding my way after . . . decades of practice and effort."

* * *

April, 1964. London.

I bring him a Martini. He takes a sip of it.

(Continued on page 134)

Mr. Maugham

(Continued from page 133)

"Is it all right?" I ask.

"No," he replies. "It is not."

"Oh? What's the matter with it?"

"It's not . . . cold enough. A Martini should be very cold."

I pick it up and start out.

"What are you going to do?" he calls after me.

"I'm going to make it colder."

"And just how do you . . . propose to do that?" he asks.

"Remix it," I explain. "With more ice."

"That will make it . . . weaker," he objects.

I am ready to throw it at him, but instead, I say, "Well, please tell me what to do."

He rises and says, "I'll show you."

We step out into the library, and there he gives me a short but concise lesson in Martini making. We start from scratch, chilling the glass, chilling the shaker, measuring, and mixing the ingredients carefully by shaking, not stirring. Finally, and only for a few seconds, adding a great mass of ice and giving the whole thing a couple of final shakes before pouring. It has all been so fascinating that I have one, too, although it is not what I usually have. He is right. It makes all the difference.

* * *

1958. Nice.

"Ruth, my dear, what do you think of this?" he asks. "I had a letter from a . . . lady in America. She said she'd read many of my . . . books and clearly I am a sage who knows everything about everything, especially love."

"You probably do," says Ruth.

"But wait, she was a pragmatic . . . party and wasn't writing simply to compliment me, but to get some . . . free advice. She wanted to know first, how to get a . . . man and second, how to . . . hold him. Alan picked the letter out of a . . . basketful and showed it to me because he thought it . . . would amuse me. Or perhaps he was simply teasing me. But I decided to reply and so I . . . wrote her and said, 'The only way to get a man is to be sexually attractive and the only way to hold onto him is to be . . . sexually satisfactory.' She never acknowledged . . . my advice although I can assure you I was absolutely in earnest. Do you agree with it?"

"Not entirely," says Ruth. "It's not as simple as you make it out to be. It's a much deeper secret than that."

* * *

December, 1954. London.

Jamie [Hamish Hamilton] told about being asked to write the obituary of a rival publisher. Kenneth Clark knew who had written some of the recent ones. In time, I was able to convey via eye to Jamie that I thought we ought to get off this. He agreed, and immediately communicated with the others. There was a long pause. I think everyone at the table was sorry about the lapse and, for a few seconds, no one could think of what to say next.

Maugham chirped up, "I've read mine!"

Clark: "Have you? That's most unusual."

Jamie: "How did you happen to get hold of it?"

WSM: "Why, he sent it to me—the editor. He asked me if I'd be . . . good enough to check it for accuracy. I did so. When he called the following day, I said to him, 'Well, I find it . . . accurate enough, but not half . . . *warm* enough.' So he invited me to tidge it up. And I did. I can assure you it's . . . warm enough *now!*"

* * *

June, 1958. Nice.

I say, "I suppose the great thing about your work is that you're always able to make truth seem like fiction and fiction seem like truth."

Maugham says, "I take that as an exceptional . . . compliment, and I thank you for it."

"Do you get lots of compliments?" asks Ruth.

"Not so many as I should like," he replies. "Let me tell you about one of my . . . favourites. It was during the war, and I was asked, along with many other writers, to make my books available on a royalty-free basis for the . . . forces. I had a letter from a G.I. in the South Pacific who said, 'You are my favourite writer. I've read three of your books, and I didn't have to . . . look up a single word.'

"Another compliment that . . . stays in my mind is the one paid me by your Gene . . . Tunney. He told me—I can't remember where—probably when I was . . . staying with Billy Phelps. William Lyon Phelps, wasn't it? While I was staying with him in—?"

"Probably New Haven," I suggest.

"Yes, I suppose it was. And Mr. . . . Tunney came to call one day and surprised me by . . . telling me that when he was in training for his fight with Jack Dempsey, the only book he read was *Of Human Bondage*. He won the . . . fight, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"That's what makes it a . . . compliment, don't you see? If he'd lost . . . it wouldn't have been a . . . compliment at all!"

* * *

August, 1942. New York.

Maugham tells about his house in South Carolina. He likes it very much. Ruth, who is present, asks him about staff. He says he told the Doubledays not to be concerned but to give him one willing person he could train.

About ten days after he arrived, he asked the Doubledays to dinner. They were astounded when on came a superb onion soup; truite au bleu; duck à l'orange; a wondrous salad; and an almond soufflé. They could not imagine who was in the kitchen. Nora, of course, and no one else. The Doubledays have been describing the event all over the county, but no one wants to believe them.

Years later, I got around to asking WSM about all this. I was interested in getting to the bottom of it because, candidly, it seemed something less than a likely story to me—that you move into a cottage in South Carolina and get a woman who knows about hominy grits and fried chicken and all at once—presto chango—she turns out a gourmet dinner fit for the most exacting epicure. Come on, now.

I told him what we had heard and asked, "Is it true?"

"Oh, yes," he said easily. "Quite true."

"But how were you able to provide what they called 'a perfect dinner' after ten days with no one but that woman who'd never done anything like it before? It's hard to believe."

"Actually," said Maugham, "It's no trouble. No trouble at all. Unless you call trouble having the same meal eight nights running!"

* * *

December, 1954. London.

We talk of age and the span of life. I ask why it is so few are able to end well. Achievements fall farther and farther into the past. Has he observed that the longer you live the fewer friends you seem to have and the more, shall I say, enemies? Well, no, not necessarily enemies, but people who have offended you or whom you have offended in one way or another. Colleagues who are doing better than you are, or not as well, either condition creating an awkward situation. The longer you live the more possibilities you have for error, for irritation, for friction, for giving and taking offense.

He agrees absolutely, and adds, "Yes, that is all as . . . sad and unfortunate as it is true. But what is even worse is the . . . burden of memory."

I think that was his phrase. I am not certain what he meant by it.

"If you live long enough," he says, "you can become known. And if you live too long, you may become unknown again."

* * *

December, 1954. London.

"What is most difficult about the . . . passage of time," says WSM, "is to stay in the fashion. It is extremely difficult to do so, since the constant repetition of a way of . . . dress or a way of speech or of life is comfortable. And we don't any of us much like to change. But fashion waxes and wanes. I

(Continued on page 136)

You Can Win a Job on VOGUE

Enter

Vogue's 26th Prix de Paris

a career competition for college seniors, class of '67

PRIX DE PARIS QUIZ

Answer ALL questions in this section.

1. Write a profile of yourself. *(600 words or less)*
2. Write a beauty biography of yourself or someone you know well. Include full details about looks, diet, exercise (and this may mean tennis or swimming rather than more formal exercise routines), makeup, hair, fragrance, et cetera. If you think it relevant, name specific products used. *(500 words or less)*
3. Study the fashions in the August 1 issue of Vogue. Which one do you like most? Which one do you like least? Explain both answers, designating page for each fashion. *(100 words or less)*

Answer THREE questions in this section.

1. Suggest five names you think would be right for the full-page photograph and caption for Vogue's "People Are Talking About . . ." feature. Explain who each person is, why he or she is of current interest. *(300 words or less)*
2. Write a travel column for "Vogue's Notebook" about your home town or your college town. *(300 words or less)*
3. You are a copywriter assigned to prepare a fashion advertisement for a store to run in its local newspaper. Select any fashion from the editorial pages of the August 1 issue of Vogue as the one to be advertised, and designate the page on which it appears. Write a headline for the advertisement and appropriate copy.
4. What kind of work do you want to do for Vogue? Be as specific as you can, and then explain your choice. *(150 words or less)*
5. You have $500 to spend on major additions to your senior-year wardrobe. Shop from the August 1 issue of Vogue, and explain why the clothes you select are right for your life, why you want them, where you will wear them. After you have made your selections and designated each by designer's name and page number, specify shoes and accessories for each of your choices, but do not include their cost in your $500 total. *(500 words or less)*
6. Describe a college friend whose way of dressing is much admired and/or much emulated. Tell us how she explains her fashion philosophy and why the style she has created for herself is attractive and individual. Describe one or more costumes she wears that best exemplify her way of dressing. *(500 words or less)*

Your Quiz, and the enrollment blank below, are due on October 21, 1966 at the latest. Please send them to:

Prix de Paris Director, Vogue
420 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017

PRIX DE PARIS RULES

1. Each entrant must be graduated during the scholastic year 1966-1967, but prior to September 1967, and must receive the Bachelor of Arts degree or its equivalent from a college or university within the United States.
2. Each entrant must send in the entrance blank on this page, or reasonable facsimile thereof, by October 21, 1966.
3. No entrant may be in any way connected with The Condé Nast Publications Inc., nor related to any of its employees.
4. There will be a first- and second-place winner. The first-place winner will receive a year's job with Vogue as a Junior Editor and will accompany the Vogue Editors to Paris to cover one of the Paris Collections during this year. The second-place winner will receive a six months' job with Vogue as a Junior Editor. There will be ten Honourable Mention winners, each of whom will receive a $50 United States Savings Bond and top consideration for jobs on any Condé Nast magazine.
5. The 26th Prix de Paris consists of a quiz to be answered by all contestants, and a thesis which those who pass the quiz will be eligible to submit. Each entrant who is eligible to submit a thesis will be notified by Vogue by December 19, 1966.
6. Quiz and thesis will require answers to questions on fashion and beauty, and on non-fashion subjects (books, movies, art, theatre, music, personalities, et cetera).
7. The quiz appears here. Answers are due on October 21, 1966. Subjects for the thesis will be published in the January 1, 1967 issue of Vogue. The thesis will be due on February 6, 1967. Although questions in the quiz and thesis are editorial in nature and are based in part on material appearing in Vogue, it is not necessary to subscribe to the magazine to enter the competition.
8. Papers will be graded on writing ability, grasp of subject, general intelligence, originality, and demonstration of special talents.
9. All material submitted must be typewritten double-spaced on one side of the page, on paper not larger than 8½ by 11 inches. Your name and college, plus the quiz and question numbers, must appear at the top of each page. All material submitted becomes the property of The Condé Nast Publications Inc. and will not be returned.
10. The judges of the competition will be a board of Vogue Editors, and their decision will be final. Any dispute that may arise as a result of the determination of the contest shall be adjudicated solely under the laws of the State of New York. Judges reserve the right to hold personal interviews with the finalists before selecting winners. Winners of Vogue's 26th Prix de Paris will be notified by April 17, 1967.

Name_____ College_____ What Degree_____

Your Address at College_____ Date of Graduation_____
street city state zip code month year

Home Address_____
street city state zip code

Mr. Maugham

(Continued from page 134)

can recall when *Cakes and Ale* was considered a shocking book from the . . . moral point of view, so much so that there was some question as to whether or not it . . . would be . . . published. Compare it with some of the things that are being printed nowadays. And that was only about twenty-five years ago, no more. I suppose one . . . digests and becomes accustomed to a certain idea or a certain word, and when that has been used a good many times, it loses its power to shock, and so it is necessary to take the . . . next step and the next and the next. I wrote a line in *The Constant Wife* that caused a stir. I thought it . . . perfectly innocent and telling—but real, don't you know? It comes in the third act, at the point where a young woman and her . . . mother are discussing a man.

"The daughter asks: 'How does one know if one's in love?'

"The mother replies: 'My dear, I know only one test. Could you use his . . . toothbrush?'

" 'No,' says the daughter.

"And the mother says, 'Then you're . . . not in love with him.'

"Many said I'd . . . gone too far. I received outraged letters. I was, for a time, notorious as that vulgar, tasteless, anything-for-effect, cheap-jack . . . dramatist. Compare that little sally with what they hear now, what?"

* * *

June, 1958. Nice.

I ask him, "How long did it take you to learn to live?"

"Eighty-four years," he replies.

A good answer.

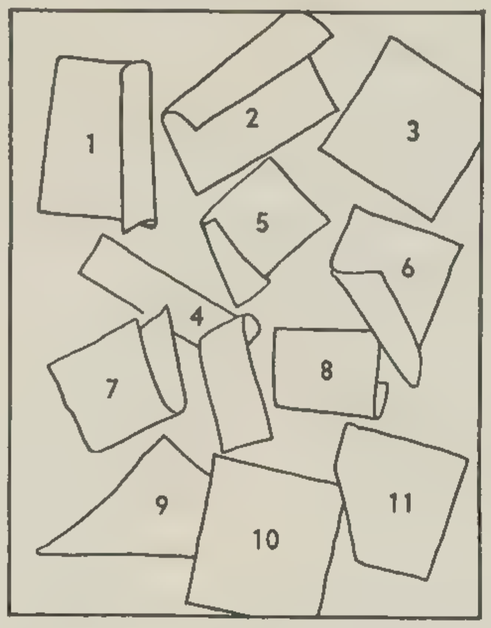
"Which did you find harder to learn?" I ask. "To write, or to live?"

He thinks and finally says, "I can't answer that. I'm sorry."

We talk of other things for a time. Then, during a pause, he says, "Let me try to answer that question of yours in another way. Let me say that I have always enjoyed writing, and that I have never enjoyed living."

Patterned wools

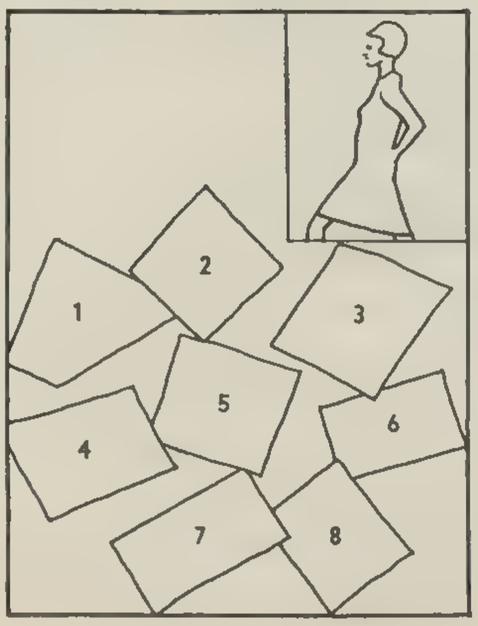
Details of the swatches of fabrics changing the surface of fashion, shown on page 68



1. Trompe-l'oeil blocks of black and white—printed wool knit by Sheraton-TSM.
2. Charcoal-and-scarlet blocks printed on orange double-faced wool coating. Piacenza-Paroir.
3. Glittery golden stripes flashed on beige-and-white striped twill. Of worsted and Chromeflex. By Agnona.
4. Vivid random-width bands of magenta, violet, black. Dress-weight worsted jersey. Racine.
5. Bright magenta woven squarely in navy wool suiting by E. Y. Johnston-Chantal.
6. Double-faced contrast of geometrics—yellow-charcoal-taupe-white print on textured wool. Duca d'Oria for Botto.
7. Diamonds in the rough—pink-and-brown wool tweed for a coat. Otterburn-Richard Barr.
8. Raised brown blocks on white gabardine. Wool, camel's hair, mohair, nylon by Lesur.
9. Riot-of-green cubes woven in worsted coating by Litex.
10. Brown abstract checks on a soft taupe-and-gold print. Of wool, nylon, and rabbit hair. By P. & F. Schwarz.
11. Brilliant red-and-taupe terrazzo pattern for a coat or suit. Orlon and worsted. Litex.

Patterned wools

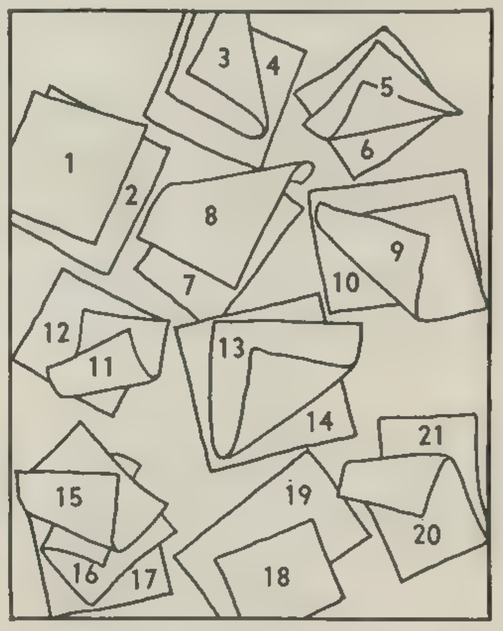
Details from page 69



1. Pebbly white tile-checks outlined in black and brown. Wool, cotton, nylon. By Scotney.
2. Black disks on white—wool-and-mohair suiting. Verron.
3. Black-on-white squares reversing to the opposite—smooth double-faced wool by Meyer.
4. Keyboard abstraction—black and white for a suit. Wool, rayon, nylon. Dormeuil-Bianchini.
5. White caning on black textured coating. Of wool, nylon, and viscose. By Lesur.
6. Spiny black stripes vibrating on white Arnel-and-nylon. Napped surface. Wm. Winkler.
7. Toothy little checks in black and white. Wool suiting by Forneris-Sormani.
8. Bas-relief black-and-white checkerboard—Berroco's suiting of Creslan and worsted.

The total-success look

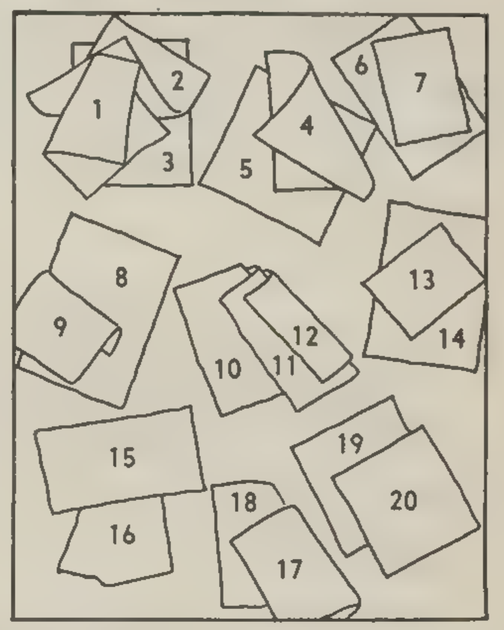
Details of the double-faced coatings on page 78, and the dress fabrics that complete the look



1., 2. Dress-and-coat idea in pale-mushroom jerseys—fleecy wool-and-camel's hair over wool. By Goutille-Meyer.
3., 4. Double-woven greige-and-charcoal coating of wool and nylon; for a cone-patterned worsted dress. Len Artel.
5., 6. China-blue melton cloth double-faced in blue-cocoa-white plaid; matching dress-plaid of wool and nylon. Brendan.
7., 8. With soft black wool fleece coating: dress-weight wool gabardine windowpane-checked in black. By Anglo.
9., 10. Charcoal-plaided pink; to coat a pink twill dress. Wool by Brendan.
11., 12. Double-faced coating for a white jersey dress: black-and-white wool checks and camel's hair. By Calw-P. & F. Schwarz. Jersey of wool and angora, by Jerseycraft-P. & F. Schwarz.
13., 14. All double-faced: tobacco coating of wool-acrylic-Orlon. Worsted for the dress—tobacco-and-charcoal checks faced in tobacco. Ria Herlinger.
15., 16., 17. In camel-and-cream plaids of wool, llama, acetate: two cream-faced topcoat ideas for a cream-colour dress of wool and llama. Moreau-TSM.
18., 19. A pair of worsted jerseys: double-faced black coating to wear over zing-stripes—cerise, yellow, black. Jasco.
20., 21. Beige and off-white—fleecy double-faced coating in Alpaca-wool-nylon; delicious over beige jersey of wool-nylon-Angora. Verron-Leonard.

The total-success look

Details from page 80



1., 2., 3. Black-and-beige plaids double-woven to beige—either one nifty over a beige twill dress. Wool by Anglo.
4., 5. Red tartan backed with charcoal for a coat; tartan for the dress. Wool by Orceyre.
6., 7. Golden cotton corduroy by Crompton—coating for a matching jersey dress of Dacron-and-worsted, by Jasco.
8., 9. Beige squared away on charcoal fleece—coat idea for a beige fleece skirt. Wool and mohair. Fabric by The Rings.
10., 11., 12. Total success put together in camel and black. Black-barred camel for a coat, camel for a skirt (Warren of Stafford wool fleece). The blouse part: Alamac pinstriped Ban-Lon-and-Orlon jersey.
13., 14. Jacket for a brown-and-tobacco plaid dress—brown double-faced in tobacco. Wool by Gabbe-Salm of Hanora.
15., 16. Heavy double-woven coachman's coating in brilliant orange wool by Worumbo. Add brass buttons; wear over this wool plaid—orange, black, khaki, moss. By Hockanum.
17., 18. Crêped wool in chrome-yellow for a coat; black-and-white wool checks for lining and dress. By Bellaine.
19., 20. Bold coat plaid of wool and cotton in squash, charcoal, and white. To complete with a skirt of squash-yellow pebbly wool. By Berroco.

Gypsies

(Continued from page 124)

tion was dripping down my nose, as I toiled under that weight, but I heard many birds, and many distant bells pounding the complicated signals of some hour and fifteen into my buzzing ears. This was the Spanish solitude from which the conquistadores had fled at such expense to the unsuspecting cultures of the New Continent. The road narrowed, became paved and quite slippery, and here I was, in the Plaza Mayor. I might have called it forbidding, had this impression not been forbidden by the noise of at least five television sets, charging the ancient cathedral, the high walls, and the belfry with the same vulgar tunes, announcers, commercials, and comedy that had made my trip so unpleasant.

They seemed to be directed at the white of the storks standing on the top of the belfry, their legs like stalks of ripe wheat, their bellies like small clouds against the blue sky. Yet the side with the cathedral, the city walls, the belfry, and the bronze statue of Pizarro on horseback were much higher than the porticos with the bars from which these television insults were hurled at the greatness of Spain. But then, with these sounds being whipped into a real sonic fury as they were broken into a series of echoes and counter-echoes, the result was that the severity of that nobler part, shorn of its native silence, became small and provincial, almost ugly to look at.

In vain did the belfry, like a many-faced monster with movable green teeth, send its raucous call to prayer into the landscape, as it had done since before the New World had been thought possible, in vain did Pizarro try to look superior: Modern vulgarity was stronger, it hit beneath the belt, and he just seemed to be still standing there, but he had fallen, he had been felled, not only by noise, but by the lethal stench of souvenirs, postcards, fabrics, combs, notions, and the cheap eau de cologne that has become the official sign of distinction of the small Spanish bourgeoisie.

In the meantime the note I carried for the owner of the bar was being read by the whole town. The owner of the bar was in Madrid. But his brother-in-law could be found. I left the suitcases and the typewriter next to the sacred television set, and followed the young man for whom I had carried my suitcases (he had just carried the typewriter) to the house of that man. We left the town and ventured far beyond the walls. I was becoming reconciled with the idea of staying there. The owner of the house was still asleep. "What does he want?" I heard him yawn.

"An inexpensive room," said the young man. "He is a friend of the Countess." Unimpressed by that friendship, the man came out, scratching his head and getting his arms into his suspenders.

"What do you want to do here?" he said, without bothering to be civil at all.

"See the gypsies," I said.

"You are crazy!" he said. "I would go to Madrid not to see them, and you came all the way here from Madrid to see them!"

"Yes," I said. "Where are they?"

"I haven't seen one for a year. But if you care so much, in the next town, just a few miles from here, there is one, in jail. If the police let you see him, he may give you some fleas and take all the money you have in your pocket without your knowing it. If the police don't let you see him, there are more of his kind in Mérida. They wouldn't come back here for another six months or so."

"All right," I said, and ran back to the square, where the rumour had spread in the meantime that I wanted an inexpensive room and gypsies. A very disapproving priest, a young bank employee, and a few women in black, plus a number of noisy children were all looking at my suitcases and reading the labels. "When does the next bus leave for Mérida?" I asked, and a young man came toward me.

"I have a cab," he said. "I am from Mérida and going there anyway. I can offer you a ride."

"That's very kind of you," I said, "but I want to pay for it."

"You don't have to," he said, "but if it makes you feel better, we can always discuss it." As soon as we left, the driver started telling me what I wanted to do. "You don't care to see the gypsies of Mérida," he said. "What you want to see is Toledo." I was just telling him that I knew and loved Toledo, but that this time I had to see the gypsies, when we saw the red toy in the distance, with the woman, the horse and the dog.

"Stop here," I said, "and wait. If I go on until you lose sight of me, follow me slowly, but don't scare them, please, and keep at a distance from them."

I ran out of the car, and, before I could reach the red toy, the woman had stopped her horse and was coming toward me, her hand outstretched and an expression of tragedy on her face. I was only too glad to give her something, and I approached the toy. It was all decorated with flowers, paper flowers and true ones, all equally wilted, but still flowers, and there was a real feather bed with a man in it—he looked like the central drunk in the Velázquez painting "The Drunkards." He was on stage, a stage too small for him, or perhaps in a tabernacle. Above him, under the roof of his carriage, there hung cups and trinkets, holy images and dirty ribbons, and he touched them with his finger, obviously enjoying the spectacle and the noises produced by the cups.

In unison with which, there were the rusty noises of the wheels, and those of jingle bells on the head of the horse, and the birds in the fields, and the sighs of small insects in the grass. The bed sheets and the pillows were quite clean. I wondered for a moment whether the man was a half-wit, but to my great surprise, he was the first to talk to me, and not in Spanish, but in my own Tuscan language. He had been born there, had left Italy more than thirty years ago, but still knew hardly any Spanish: only *caló* (gypsy) and Italian.

Then he said, "I bought the newspapers. Do you want to see them?" And he pulled out one, which was utterly unreadable, crumpled and greasy, dated July 3, 1954, but I could not make out what newspaper it was. He offered it to me but made it clear that he wanted it back, because he had not finished reading it. "I have no time," he said. There was another silence, and the woman in the meantime had scouted the horizon with her hand over her eyebrows, like a sea captain, and indeed, the whole countryside looked rather unquiet, with an icy wind coming from the mountains, parts of which were already erased from the view by a diagonal curtain of rain. A smell of wet earth on one side, and of warm hay and warm asphalt on the other. Birds flying low. The dog, a skinny brownish greyhound, sniffing the air and shivering. She decided to take action and came to me with a great show of drama, as if I alone, that is, my money, could save her from the storm. Again her hand was outstretched and her voice whining like the wheels of her cart. I gave her some more, but decided this would be the last time.

"Can you dance?" I asked the man, making the motion of the dance.

"I don't have to," he said. "I have this." And he pulled out from under the bed sheet a dirty piece of wool in which something was wrapped. He unwrapped it: It was a transistor. He put it on full blast, and the same horror that had persecuted me since seven in the morning was right there again. "No, no," I said, pointing to the clouds. "Rain. Dangerous. Put away." He nodded in approval and put his treasure back under the bed sheets. Now the woman came back with a child. The child was unhappy at having been roused from his sleep, and she pointed to his whining, making it clear once more that this, too, was my problem. Money, please. So I said no. She did not understand and I said no again.

She became angry, started talking in a language I could not understand. She talked, then shouted, making gestures of disgust in my direction, as if I were an insect bothering her. She turned and turned, and every time she faced me again, she would recoil, with a very quick gesture of the head. All there was needed to make it into a flamenco dance was the clapping of the hands or the guitar. I tried to resume my conversation with the man, but he had become strangely dignified, his eyes cast down, and when he thought I wasn't looking, he lifted them

(Continued on page 138)

Gypsies

(Continued from page 137)

and they were full of burning hate.

"Olé, olé," she yelled to the horse, making it move, and as the horse seemed to detach his legs from the pedestal of the monument he had become (he looked more like a horse by Giacometti than by the Lord Almighty), she began to dance on the road, turning her back contemptuously at me, making faces at me, and flinging her dirty scarf in the air. I left them, sadly, and did not see the car come closer.

But the driver saw me when I discovered that somehow all my money, my traveller's cheques, and personal letters, had disappeared from my pocket. "She took your money," he said, "I've seen her! Let's get them arrested! I have a brother who is *guardia civil* in the next village off the road, he'll teach her how to dance!"

"No," I said feebly. But I was still undecided (angry at those gypsies for doing such a thing to me after I had been so kind to them, now also angry at this man for having the right to defend me), but what decided me was the sight of those two policemen in their sinister office, coming to life with excitement. In a way I quite understood their feelings: always on stage, in uniform, ready for a glorious rôle that never even began for them, innocent people not less than the gypsies, cast into their position by the very fact of living in that godforsaken village, in that boredom, that poverty, that tragic landscape only the conquest of Peru could make you forget.

And yet it was my duty to keep them separate: they and their prey. They would recover my belongings by tearing apart the red toy, ripping the feather bed, whipping the man, shaving the woman's head. The policemen were beginning to question me: "We know you're trying to protect them, but the matter is out of your hands. It is for us to protect you and the honour of our country! Let no one say abroad that a tourist in Spain, our honoured guest. . . ."

And the driver on his side: "I am not doing this so you can pay me for the ride. I am your friend, I'd be ready to drive you back to Madrid for free." He had given me a clue without knowing it. "How much would you charge to drive me back to Madrid?" I asked.

"It's an expensive trip," he said. "You'd have to pay both ways."

"Never mind. How much is it?"

He went out to look at his mileage, consulted his books, then said: "You owe me one hundred thirty pesetas already, plus et cetera, *el todo* would amount to four thousand pesetas."

"Let's go," I said, thinking of those seventy-five dollars I would have to borrow from the hotel, and all those doormen who never beg because they know that you have your honour to protect, and will pay for every smile, every gold button, every thread of gold on their caps.

The two policemen still wanted to drive down to the main road with us in the interest of justice. I played my last card. "I am paying so much because I want my privacy," I said. "You may drive them to do their duty, but call me another cab this very minute. Our deal is off."

The driver looked at the two with the same begging eyes of the woman who had stolen my money, and the two, with the same begging eyes, looked first at the rain and then at me. But I began to exercise the inhumanity of wealth. "I have no time to waste," I said to the driver. "Let's go."

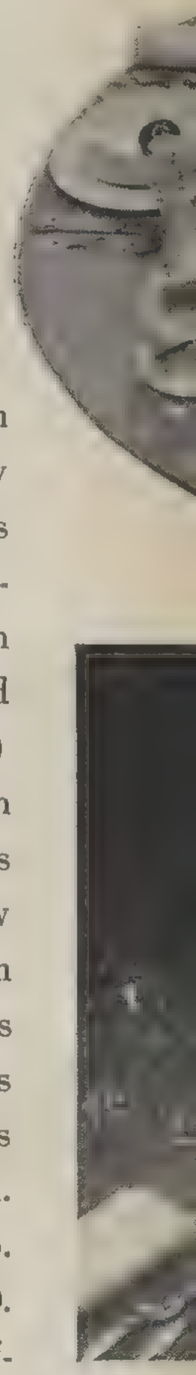
When we saw the red toy in the distance, I ordered him to stop and asked him for one hundred pesetas. I didn't know how I would go at it, but I thought that somehow they would understand that the letter was of no value to them. As for the traveller's cheques, I was not even going to try. I stepped out into the rain, waving the money at the woman. She resumed her dance of contempt, shouting "Olé" to the horse, and the horse marked the dance by trotting feebly on the wet road. She had not even seen the money. As for the man, he had retired in his cloud like Jupiter.

Lightning and thunder spoke for him.

VOGUE'S



1. Vermeil fantasies from nature.



Tiffany's Van Day Truex: Tiffany's director of design for china, glass, and silver, Van Day Truex, has made Tiffany Table Settings the subject of a beautiful book, an ultimate status symbol, and the longest-run hit show in New York. An acknowledged tastemaker, Mr. Truex rejects dictated taste, borrows from the past only those objects never since equalled for vigour and beauty of design, copies them straight (see the Medici snail here) or up-dates them as he did the Royal Worcester Dragon pattern using black and gold. He has dug out famous old porcelain patterns unavailable for years, the gamut of blue and white, designed new ones for makers like Minton. He admires nature; it inspires him to design fantasies fast becoming collectors' items. Thirty years of teaching, fifteen in Paris, many as president of the Parsons School of Design, developed his design conscience. Here, his philosophy in action with white table settings, objects of his design.

1. Vermeil fantasies from nature: Flower in a pot, 11″ high, $375. Box inspired by an Italian botanical print, $600. Snail box, $400.

2. Luncheon on a natural linen cloth: Spode's white cabbage-leaf-textured china, New Savoy. Mr. Truex regrets the "facelessness" of many modern china patterns. Heavy English King sterling flatware. A "piggyback" plant in a white Spode cachepot.

3. New light on nature: The palm tree candlestick in vermeil is also a decorative object—the leaves lift out if desired. $650 pair. Bamboo candlestick, in three sizes, here 7″, $180 pair.

4. Crystal and vermeil collection: Round tables are marvellous for conversation. This one, covered in heavy off-white linen, sparkles and glows. Vermeil baskets ($85 ea.) with "angel tears" plants flanking a vermeil sea urchin box ($400) are conversation starters. Sheer crystal tumblers, $5 and $10 ea.; gold-edged crystal dinner plates $8.50 ea.; crystal and vermeil hurricane candlesticks $250 pr.; vermeil open salt and peppers $55 ea.; crystal ashtrays and cigarette urns $6 ea.; vermeil flatware in Hamilton pattern; decanters $35 ea.

5. A surprise formality: Combination of faceted crystal, woven wicker, silver. Harrar goblets, $62 ea.; plates, $27.50 ea.; candlesticks, $60 ea.; crystal bowl centrepiece, $65. Crystal ashtrays, $4 ea.; urns, $35 ea.; Windham sterling flatware.

6. Bamboo news: Sterling silver bamboo, a Truex idea, for flatware. Dessert spoon, $13; luncheon fork, $12.

7. Breakfast at Tiffany's: Pristine white porcelain on a black-and-white linen cloth. Dinner plates, $9 ea.; bread and butter plates, $4.50 ea.; teacups, $9 ea.; breakfast cups, $12 ea.; teapot, $22.50; sugar and creamer, $23.50. Reeded Edge sterling flatware. Sterling egg cups, $70 ea.

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3. New light on nature.

2. Luncheon on a natural linen cloth.



4. Crystal and vermeil collection.



6. Bamboo news.

5. A surprise formality.



7. Breakfast at Tiffany's.

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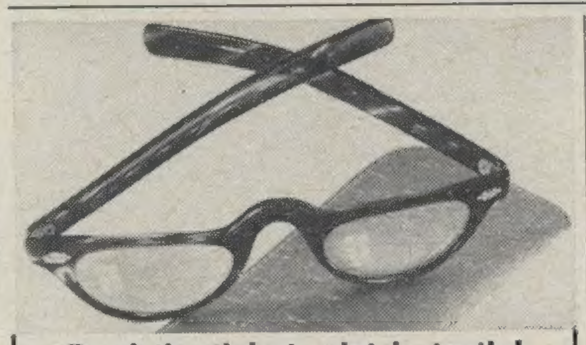
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The Cover Dress

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Atlanta, Ga.....Regenstein's
Austin, Texas.....Goodfriend's
Bakersfield, Calif.....Brock's
Beaver Falls, Pa.....The Venger Shop
Bethesda, Md.....Gretchen Cole
Birmingham, Ala.....Clothes Horse
Boise, Idaho.....Carroll's
Breckenridge, Tex.....Hat & Gown
Brookline, Mass.....Cyreld
Buffalo, N. Y.....L. L. Berger
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.....Killian Co.
Charleston, W. Va.....Peck's
Cincinnati, Ohio.....Mabley & Carew
Clarksburg, W. Va.....Broida's
Colorado Springs, Colo.....Gray Rose
Columbia, So. Car.....Lisbeth Wolfe
Corpus Christi, Tex.....The Godwin Shop
Dallas, Texas.....Marie Leavell
Detroit, Mich.....Margi Franzel
Duluth, Minn.....Arthur A. Silver
El Centro, Calif.....Style Shop
El Paso, Texas.....Amen Wardy
Englewood, N. J.....Elaine Ames, Inc.
Enid, Okla.....Virginia's Dress Shop
Evanston, Ill.....Ruth McCulloch
Flint, Mich.....Ellen's Village Shop
Forest Hills, N. Y.....Hirshleifer's
Ft. Wayne, Ind.....D. B. Fishman
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Grand Rapids, Mich.....Alice Jane Dows
Grosse Pointe, Mich.....Margaret Rice
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Hot Springs, Ark.....Eleanor Harris
Houston, Texas.....Battelstein's
Indianapolis, Ind.....H. P. Wasson
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Jacksonville, Fla.....Levy's
Laguna Beach, Calif.....Cornelia Bigelow
Laredo, Texas.....Hachar's
Lawton, Okla.....Sherry's House of Fashion
Little Rock, Ark.....Feinstein's Calif. Apparel
Long Beach, Calif.....Buffum's
Longview, Texas.....Galosy's
Lubbock, Texas.....Margaret's
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Madison, Wisc.....Woldenberg's
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Miami, Fla.....Burdine's
Midland, Texas.....Lucille's
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Minneapolis, Minn.....Harold's
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Salt Lake City, Utah.....Makoff
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San Luis Obispo, Calif.....Leonora Smith
Santa Fe, New Mexico.....Godey Shop
Shreveport, La.....Bettye Vaccaro
Spokane, Wash.....The Crescent
Springfield, Mo.....Billie's Feminine Fashion
Stockton, Calif.....The Brown House
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Topeka, Kansas.....Gerry Apparel
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Beauty Bulletin

(Continued from page 96)

Elizabeth Arden's Imo. For autumn, hair just below the jaw line, long enough to pin up so pieces can be appended. . . . Bangs: hasn't cut them for months; "bangs have become ridiculous—too long, too square; you can always add a bang hairpiece." . . . Likes Florentine look—hair goes an inch back from brow, then rises. . . . Braids neaten a head, mixed with one's own hair, moving down the back to anchor at neckline. For evening, skinny braids in loops, attached to crown and falling in a cascade. . . . Among Imo hairpieces: one handsome number with a built-in lift, no backcombing ever necessary. . . . The House of Revlon, stronghold of some of New York's most provocative hair designers, who have, of course, diversified theories. . . . Fred, styling director: "Elegant women prefer shorter hair; very long hair being replaced by short hair plus pieces, long falls. Geometrical cut only for young and stylized person; goes with extreme make-up, shortest skirts." . . . Pierre likes hair longer, with motion. . . . Patrick has a thing about putting hairpiece emphasis in front, on forward fall, with excitement around one eye. . . . Edward, like his colleagues, is interested in what he calls "Instant Long Hair," the short cut converted into long by a fall. . . . On colour, they're all adamant: one-colour hair, passé. . . . Hugh Harrison, hair hero of a certain group of young New York sparklers, is styling designer of Coiffures Americana, drops by, twice a week, at the Bergdorf Goodman salon. Has an autumn collection of day and evening looks for "his girls." For day: one's own hair, off the face. Shoulder-length, unless girl too short. . . . For evening: modernization of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century coiffures with limited but important use of pieces. . . . Long hair makes women think younger, act younger. . . . Coiffure should not be the only distraction. "My girls don't need it." Not "Gee, look at her hair." But rather "Isn't she pretty!"

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